

COOKERY UNDER SHELL FIRE (Illustrated). By Captain C. W. R. Knight.
CHINESE ART IN ENGLAND—I (Illustrated). By R. L. Hobson.

COUNTRY LIFE

11, AVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

Vol. XLVIII. No. 1238.
Entered as Second-class Matter at
New York, N.Y., Post Office.

[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER, AND FOR
CANADIAN MAGAZINE POST.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1920.

Published Weekly PRICE ONE SHILLING.
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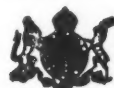
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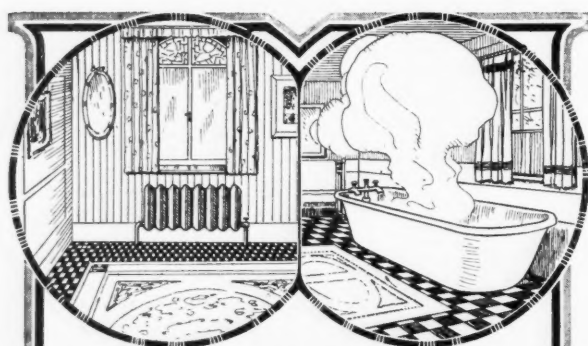
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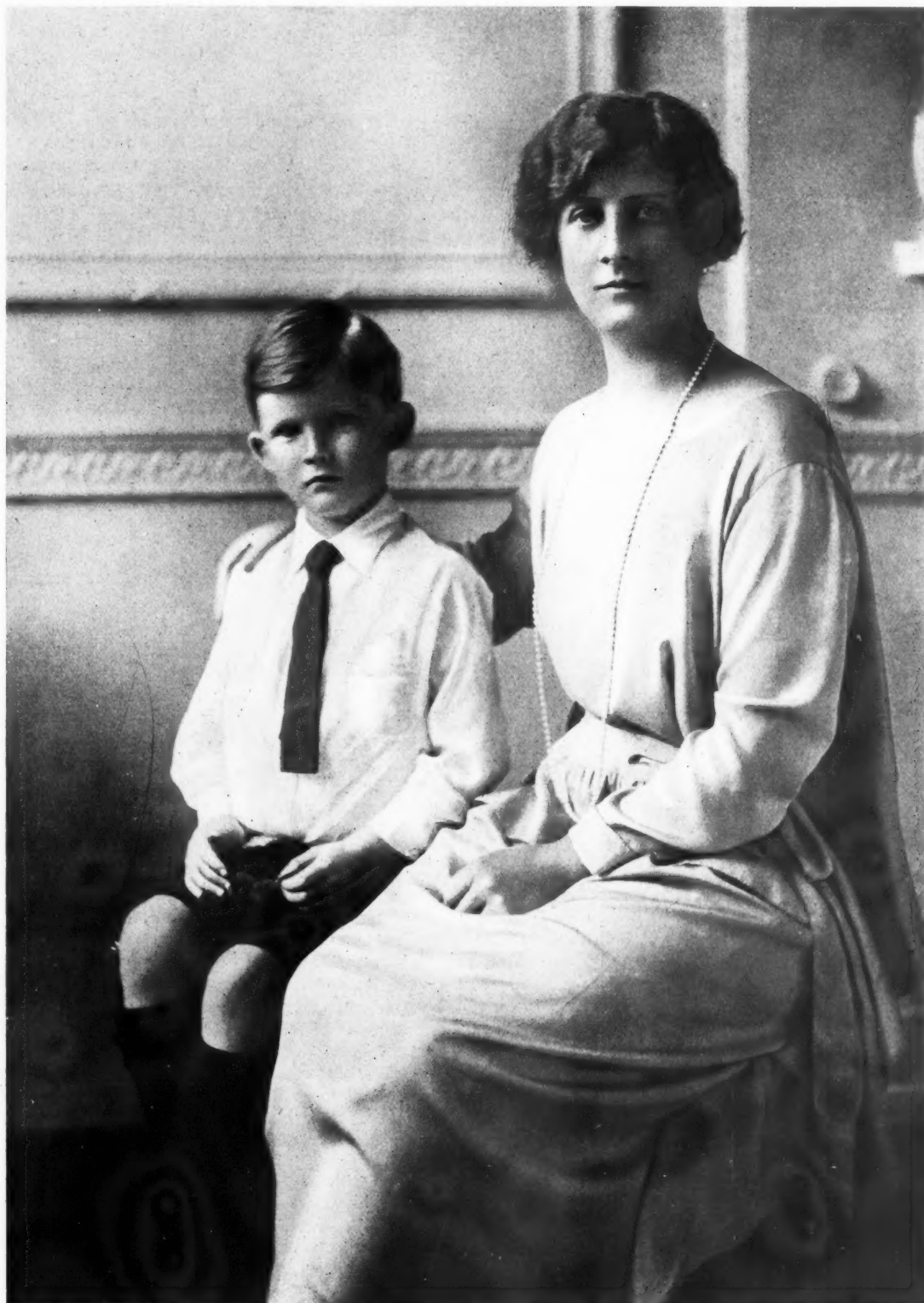
Whole Page, £30; Half Page, £15; Whole Column, £10

For further particulars apply Advertisement Department, "COUNTRY LIFE,"
8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XLVIII.—No. 1238. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1920.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, POSTAGE EXTRA.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]



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Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: GERRARD 2748.

Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: REGENT 760.

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The Trade Union Congress and its Opportunity

AT the moment of writing the Coal Question is still undecided. We know only one hopeful fact, namely, that the miners have waived their claim that the two entirely distinct questions of wages and the price of coal are "one and indivisible." We may assume that they decided on this course partly because they felt instinctively that the mass of public opinion was overwhelmingly against them, partly because they were subjected to strong, if unofficial, pressure from the leaders of other trade unions. That this pressure was exercised is all to the good, but we hold that it would have been better had it been exercised officially, and that in such a case it is essentially the function of the Trades Union Congress to take action. On this point Lord Weir's letter recently published in the *Times* is well deserving of attention. Briefly, his point is that the trade union machine is, from whatever motive, not used as it should be for the general benefit of industrial society. "A Trades Union Congress," he says, "which would have dealt with the known and obvious factors which during the last two years have been largely instrumental in causing inefficiency of production and have definitely increased the cost of living would have done much to convince the community of the statesmanship of labour.

For example, a strong recommendation from that Congress to the trade unions of which it is composed, urging that they should sit down with the employers' organisations and deal at once with the problem of freedom of employment and of remuneration by results in a genuine and sincere spirit of co-operation, would have gone far to show that Labour really desires to bring about stability and contentment in the industrial world."

Lord Weir then proceeds to give several instances in which he thinks that the Congress should have intervened. One of his illustrations, though by no means the first in actual importance, appears to us a particularly clear one. There is, on the Clyde, a dispute between the ships' platers and their helpers. It has nothing whatever to do with the employers but it seriously affects shipbuilding. Now, this is surely a case for the intervention of the Congress. Here is a quarrel which, whoever may win it, certainly cannot do anything but harm to the cause of labour in general or, we may suspect, to either of the parties. The Congress might well investigate the rights and wrongs of it, give their verdict and then say to the two parties: "This domestic squabble," or, in more imposing language, "this fratricidal strife does us all and the country harm and must end." We might feel tempted to suggest that they should even add: "We will knock your heads together if it does not." In this, however, they might be something too tyrannical, and any threat, moreover, would probably be quite unnecessary. A recommendation coming from such a quarter would suffice. We believe that the individual unions and the individual members of each union would, in the vast majority of cases, recognise the benefit of intervention by a body that is, in fact, a Parliament of Labour.

This is only one small example of what the Trades Union Congress might do in the direction of preventing futile and useless disputes that do harm to the whole industrial community. Instead of turning their attention to such practical problems they appear to devote too much time to the passing of resolutions couched in rather rhetorical language on subjects which have mainly an academic interest. Nobody would at this time of day accuse the leaders of the trade unions of not realising their own power. Why, then, do they not more zealously mind this which is so emphatically their own business? Their more uncompromising opponents would say that they do not want to be helpful: that they would rather things grew worse in order that in their own time they might apply a revolutionary remedy. We do not believe this to be true. There are some, no doubt, who would thus deliberately ride for a fall, but we believe these, alike among the leaders and the rank and file, to constitute a very small minority.

It does appear, however, that there is among the leaders a certain lack, whether it be of understanding or imagination or of courage to face a temporary unpopularity among their followers, some of whom, we know, are hard to hold. Many of them must realise that the present unsettled state of things does not give the country a fair chance of settling down to work and cannot ensure for the benefit of those whose interests they, no doubt, have at heart. Again to quote Lord Weir, "the industrial conditions governing the volume and cost of production are vitally affected through the medium of the trade unions," but they can scarcely be beneficially affected unless there is, in place of merely destructive criticism, a broad-minded and constructive policy. The members of the Trades Union Congress have a great opportunity for showing real statesmanship and so helping the whole community to find its feet. Now is the time for them to prove themselves.

Our Frontispiece

IN this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE is given a new portrait of H.R.H. Princess Arthur of Connaught with her six-year-old son, the Earl of Macduff.

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COUNTRY NOTES

WHEN this number of COUNTRY LIFE appears our readers will know definitely whether or not the country is to be plunged into all the miseries and losses of a coal strike. As we write we can only say that the position is grave in the extreme. Whatever the outcome the Government will have the vast majority of the country whole-heartedly at its back, alike as to the points it has stretched and the points on which it has stood firm. Sir Robert Horne has offered to concede the rise of wages demanded at once, if it be approved by a tribunal which shall work at high pressure and give its verdict quickly. Apart from this the miners may gain further rises contingent on increase in output. What more could he have done? To concede the rise without enquiry would have been, in homely language, to buy a pig in a poke. The miners' leaders have what they allege to be an impregnable claim and they will not have it enquired into. They can hardly complain then if the public thinks that they fear enquiry. For ourselves we believe that there is another fear in their breasts far more potent. They are afraid to face those whom they represent and tell them that, of the two claims first put forward, one had to be abandoned as palpably unsound, while the granting of the other still hangs in the balance. Doubtless their position is a difficult one but they made it difficult for themselves. To admit their original error would be alike the truest courage and the truest common-sense. If they do so they will gain immeasurably in public esteem. If they do not all good citizens will know what to think and will endure whatever may come in the way of privations and difficulties with a stout heart and a clear conscience.

THE latest statement of the Food Controller, though not so gloomy as first appeared, is far from cheerful. Although milk will be a penny a quart cheaper than last winter and the cheaper kinds of tea and sugar show a tendency to drop in price, Mr. McCurdy estimates that by Christmas the working-class family will be paying in ordinary household payments 9s. 6d. a week more than they were last Christmas. Of that increased burden, it is true, we are already bearing a large share and Mr. McCurdy's prophecy only relates to a balance of 3s. 10d. It seems that in some places the industrial classes, for all that they cry out against the price of living, are living in something of a fool's paradise and have not really felt the pinch. There is at the present time an abundance of tinned food but there is very little demand for it. The middle classes eat it to some extent: the industrial classes apparently turn up their noses at it. As long as employment is good they are resolved to have the best, as witness the fact that the wholesale price of home-killed mutton is nearly four times that of imported mutton. Mr. McCurdy makes no allowance in his calculations for the possibilities of a coal strike. In that event probably no one can say how high the cost of everyday necessities might soar.

IN a very interesting address to the Sanitary Inspectors' Association Professor Maxwell-Lefroy said that it

would be news to most people that mosquitoes occurred in England at all, still more that both malaria and the malaria-carrying anopheles were to be found in this country. Almost at the very moment when Professor Lefroy was making this statement a plague of mosquitoes appears to have broken out in parts of the Isle of Wight. Their breeding-place is said to be the marshy ground in the valley of the Yar, where they are to be attacked with sprays of petroleum. The war must have given us some valuable data for fighting the mosquito. In Macedonia, for instance, the Sanitary Sections were constantly engaged in carrying the warfare into the enemy's country by channelling streams, spraying marshy ground and cutting rushes. When they began their campaign the Army was already filled through and through with malaria, and in order to prove exactly how much they accomplished it would almost have been necessary we imagine, to bring home the old Salonica force and bring out a brand new one—an interesting scientific experiment, but hardly a practicable one. Let us hope that some of the good that was done still lives after them in that inhospitable land.

WHEN Dr. Johnson was staying at Lichfield in 1776 "the ladies of the place talked a great deal of him when he was out of the room, not only with veneration but affection," and Boswell added: "It pleased me to find that he was so much beloved in his native city." To-day it must please us all to know that he is beloved there still, and that last Saturday Lichfield celebrated the two hundred and eleventh anniversary of his birth. The older schoolchildren were shown the birthplace, the library and the Johnsonian relics, and we may hope that their masters and mistresses did not forget to read them some Boswell. Those children have a high standard to live up to, for Johnson said of the inhabitants of his native place that they were "the most sober, decent people in England, the genteelst in proportion to their wealth and spoke the purest English." Centenaries and such hero-worshipping festivals are apt to be a little ridiculous and to degenerate into an orgy of dressing up. The men of Lichfield made no such mistake in taste. They dined at the Three Crowns and drank punch, always a pleasant and sensible occupation on a Saturday night. And we may be sure that they recalled another of their great men, David Garrick, mimicking Johnson and calling out, as he squeezed the lemon into the bowl, "Who's for poonsh?"

A MIDLAND CORNER.

Here very Peace is found, about this land,
The lovely trees in reverent silence stand,
And dream beneath the wide pacific sky
And watch the idle clouds go sailing by.
Here all unburied do the hours pass,
The river dawdles through the sedgy grass,
And careless larks the whole green valley fill
With happy songs, so clear and sweet and shrill.

CHRISTINA HOLE.

THE death of Mr. Egerton Castle will bring a sense of almost personal loss to many who knew him only through the novels he wrote in collaboration with his wife. They were full of the cheerful clash of swords, of romantic adventure and of a spirit that might almost be described as one of refined swashbuckling. If they were not great literature they were, at any rate, written with a real feeling for literature not often to be found in the work of essentially popular novelists. It is no wonder that swords and soldiering played so large a part in them. After a very brief trial of the law Mr. Castle began life as a subaltern in the West India Regiment, and, although he did not remain long in the Regular Army, he was afterwards a captain in the Royal Engineers Militia and studied very hard and successfully the subject of submarine mining. He was a most accomplished swordsman: in his day one of the two or three best we had. His "Schools and Masters of Fence" showed him as learned in the history as in the practice of the foil and *épée*, and he was always ready to help young swordsmen with his knowledge and experience. If

the beauties of the art of fencing are far more widely appreciated to-day than they once were, no small amount of credit for this revival is due to Egerton Castle.

ON the Estate Market page of COUNTRY LIFE of August 28th there was mentioned an ethical problem from the auction room of considerable interest. A tenant was believed to be bidding for his own holding, whereupon other possible buyers did not bid. It afterwards appeared that he was really bidding for somebody else. Mr. Ernest J. Bigwood (Messrs. Edwards, Son and Bigwood) now informs us that this case has been considered by the Master in Chancery, the sale having been by order of the Court, and that it has been arranged that the buyer shall increase his payment by £300 and retain his purchase. We record this as an interesting postscript to our previous reference to the subject, which, as we pointed out at the time, is of importance, not only to vendors and purchasers, but to tenant farmers, whose enjoyment of a certain amount of public consideration in the sale-room depends on their acting in perfect good faith and being *bona fide* desirous of retaining the holdings for which they happen to bid.

DURING the last week boys and girls have been pouring back to school and the voice of the parent has been heard in the land denouncing the largeness of their bills and more especially the expense of the trousseaux with which he has to provide them. As regards the first point the schoolmaster receives something less than justice. He has had in self-defence to put up his fees, but he is a good deal poorer than he was before the war. He cannot, like Mr. Squeers, employ brimstone and treacle "because it spoils their appetites and comes cheaper than breakfast and dinner." Let any householder, from his own more limited experience, calculate the cost of feeding some eighty healthy little boys, and then pause before he criticises. On the other hand, when economy is so vital to the whole community there might, we are disposed to think, be some little simplification of the outfits which quite small mites of boys are required to possess, particularly as they grow out of them at so desperate a pace. We know one father who congratulates himself that he is now old enough to be able to wear his son's old clothes. The parent of the small schoolboy has not even that consolation.

IT is stated that, by the generosity of M. Edmond Rothschild, there has been founded and endowed in London an "Institut de France." Here French students will be able to live, with some help towards their maintenance, work at science, literature or art and participate in the intellectual life of this country. Similar French institutes are, it appears, to be founded in Madrid and New York. Here is an example which some English benefactor might well follow. The need for international understanding was never so pressing as to-day. There are British schools at Rome and Athens and there should be similar schools in other countries where English students could at once help to circulate English thought and absorb the point of view of other nations. The Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford afford one example of how much good can be done by the young men of two countries learning to understand one another. A still clearer illustration is that of the British "Tommy." In France, or wherever else he was a familiar figure during the war, he acquired, in a wonderfully short time, a real understanding and appreciation of the people and their customs and in doing it made everybody fond of him. This ought to encourage us not to depreciate our powers of "getting on with foreigners." We are not nearly so insular as we pretend, though there is still plenty of room for improvement in us.

IT is announced that Mr. Gordon Lockhart, one of the leading amateur golfers in Scotland, has decided to turn professional. Following in the footsteps of "Bobby" Andrew, who was so often his foursome partner for Prestwick St. Nicholas, he is going to leave us for America. America's gain will be our loss, for there is probably at this moment no better amateur golfer here than Mr. Lockhart, certainly

none more modest nor more popular. We must expect that other of our young golfers, more especially from the ranks of Scottish artisan players, will follow Mr. Lockhart's example. There seems to be no limit to American enthusiasm for the game. Golfers there are most anxious to learn the game from the best teachers, and a professional who is well conducted is assured of an excellent income. The professionals' position in America, moreover, is rather different from that here. He enjoys a freedom which is, at any rate, superficially attractive. In some American clubs we have seen the professional use the club-house as if it were his own, call the members by their Christian names, pat them on the back and proffer them refreshment. This is not a universal practice, but in some parts of the country it is certainly not an uncommon one. Here we do not think that this is the best way of treating a professional player of any game, nor, we are convinced, do the wiser of our own professionals think so either. One of the most popular of them once said to the present writer, in discussing this subject, "All I want is to be let alone to do my work." On this point there is probably a radical difference of point of view between the two countries. To us, at any rate, our own way seems the better and more dignified for all parties concerned.

INTERIM.

The sun goes down beyond the purple fell,
And wind has blown the lark into a cloud,
And silence weaving out an empty spell
Has calmed the town and quieted the crowd.

The last light trembles in the farther air,
I watch and listen in the peace I lose,
A hand has beckoned me, I know not where,
A voice has spoken, but I know not whose.

EDWARD DAVISON.

THE cricket season has ended and Mr. Douglas and his cricketing brothers in arms have started on their long journey to Australia, taking with them everyone's good wishes. A large number of the team played for the Rest of England against the Champion County, and the almost ferocious severity with which they dealt with the Middlesex bowlers gave evidence, if any were necessary, that we need have no fears for their batting. As to their bowling on the mercilessly good Australian wickets there is more doubt. Parkin is a bowler of infinite variety and ingenious tricks, but when once these become known the best batsmen seem to have no great difficulty in coping with them. Possibly he may be saved for the Test matches, lest familiarity may breed contempt, and we have heard a good and shrewd cricketer advocate that the same policy should be adopted with Mr. Wilson, another exceedingly deceitful bowler. But such tactics might throw too great a burden on the others. Of these, Woolley and Rhodes want what they will not get—a bad wicket—and Howell, though very fast and a hard worker, is neither a Richardson nor a Lockwood. It may be that as we read our telegrams during the winter we may find ourselves sighing, "Oh, for an hour of Barnes!" However, we have sent out a fine team under a fine fighting leader. They will do their best and they will let the best side win.

CRICKET has gone creeping reluctantly away under grey autumnal skies; the huge Eastbourne Tournament marks the end of the lawn tennis season as far as grass courts are concerned; and now Rugby football comes in rejoicing. The Welsh clubs, together with Leicester and Devonport, have already begun their long list of matches. London starts later, but this week sees Blackheath's first match. Rugby football is so essentially a young man's game that the fortunes of war have naturally upset the old balance of power in London football. Blackheath, the illustrious and venerable, is stronger than ever. Not so, for the moment, the Harlequins. Adrian Stoop, the sparkling and elusive, who did so much not only for his club but for the regeneration of English Rugby football, has had to bow at last to the inexorable years. So has Birkett, who could

"barge" his way through a solid phalanx of punier enemies. Poulton and Lambert fell in the war. The whole band of brilliant backs that sent people crowding to Twickenham has gone. Richmond, too, has fallen on comparatively evil days, and the Blackheath and Richmond matches are not the great fights they once were. These clubs have now met eighty-two times, Blackheath winning forty-four matches

and Richmond nineteen. It is to be hoped that some of the best young players will flock to the Richmond and Harlequin standards. Last winter Blackheath reigned too conspicuously supreme in London. The strong Army and Navy teams add a great element of interest, but it would be pleasant to see the old clubs at their best as well. There is plenty of room for them all.

A ROOKERY UNDER SHELL FIRE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT.

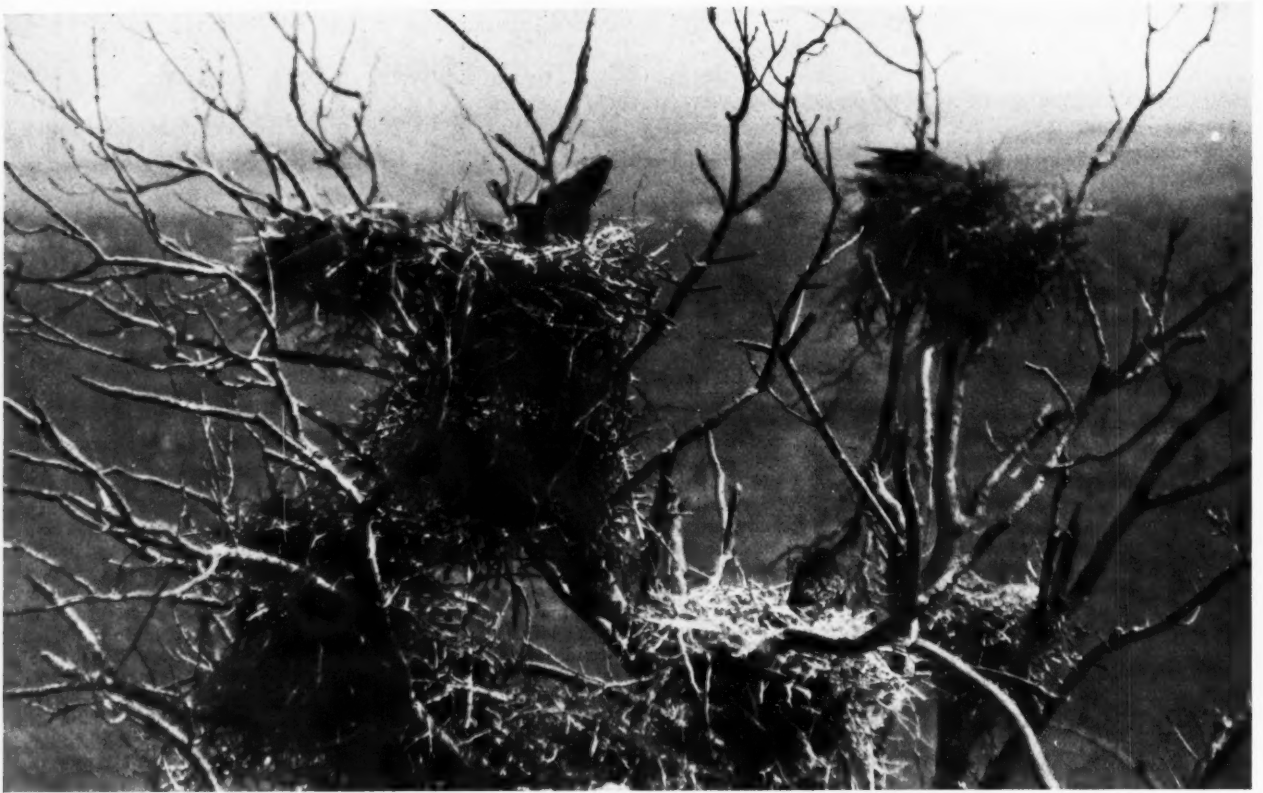
THE question as to whether the continual roar of artillery fire had the effect of driving away the birds of France and Belgium from their accustomed breeding haunts during the late war, has been frequently raised. To those of us who were in the firing line for any length of time and who chanced to take sufficient interest in wild creatures, it was apparent that the din of the continual bombardment had little influence on their choice of breeding sites, and that it was rather owing to the consequent lack of suitable cover that they eventually betook themselves to more peaceful quarters. How uncanny it seemed, in the summer of 1915, to hear the golden oriole cheerfully—almost defiantly—calling from the top of a shattered tree standing amid the remains of the village of Hooze—the song accompanied by the crash and whine of whizz-bang, and heavy; or to listen to the song of the nightingale

on those summer evenings, and to mark how it grew in vehemence as the crackle of rifle fire increased. And then the swallows and their nests in the smashed barns on the outskirts of St. Eloi, the magpies at Kemmel, and a host of others that clung, in spite of it all, to their ancestral breeding areas. None of them breeds in those places now. No oak tree remains to conceal with its verdant foliage the suspended nest of the golden oriole, or the glorious colouring of the bird itself. Deep under the fouled earth are buried the rafters on which the swallows nested, and only such birds as the partridge and the lark—fortunate under such conditions in being supplied with ample cover in the shape of grasses and poppies—continue to frequent the land as they did in happier days.

Considering that the war is presumably over and that time has already partially dimmed our recollections of its ghastliness,



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THE TOP STOREY.

the writer of these notes may have been justified in experiencing a kind of minor shock when, during an afternoon's rook-hawking on one of the wide open spaces of the West of England, and while scanning the distant landscape with his binoculars in search of a lost falcon, he suddenly found himself gazing upon a collection of shell-torn trees that recalled, about as vividly as anything in this year of 1920 could do, the shattered remains of Thiepval Wood in 1916. Away over the chalky undulations, so absolutely like the Somme country and silhouetted against an evening sky, the gaunt stems looked curiously silent and deserted. And yet . . . could those dark lumps among the remaining branches be nests of some kind? A closer examination showed that, far from being silent and deserted, and in spite of heavy artillery fire two or three days a week, the trees were crowded

with busy, noisy life. For, on the top of their bare stems or among their broken limbs a colony of rooks, clinging to the accustomed nesting site with a tenacity that is typical of their race, had placed their nests. Within 500yds. were undamaged trees in plenty—trees, one would imagine, that could offer every inducement to a pair of matrimonially inclined rooks—but they were bare of nests. Oddly enough, some trees, such as one generally finds in the garden, and which, in fact, at one time formed part of the little farmstead that stood on the spot, were positively crammed with rooks' nests.

It would seem that the rooks, obeying the homing instinct which is so strongly developed in many birds, preferred to construct their homes amid the branches of any tree or bush that happened to grow within the favoured area, rather than take



NORMAL CONDITIONS ARE RESUMED.

advantage of the shelter of tall beeches and pines that were within such easy reach. For not only were fruit trees encumbered with the great piles of branches and twigs, but even elder and yew bushes (one cannot dignify them by calling them trees) were similarly utilised. Certainly this was the most extraordinary rookery that the writer has yet encountered. Some of the nests were so low that their foundations could be touched with the upstretched arm as one stood beneath. Most of them had been relieved of their eggs (or young) by the oologically inclined visitors to the place, or, perhaps, by the enthusiastic followers of a game known as "hop-egg." In one case someone had taken the trouble to climb up to a nest in an elder bush and to fill it with half-bricks, having first thrown out the unfortunate young rooks!

The nests in the taller trees had not, of course, suffered this sort of hostile treatment, but even they had not got through

From a photographic point of view, those nests in the taller trees were, without doubt, by far the most promising. Little or no foliage existed to hide them or cause those unhappy white and black patches on an otherwise satisfactory print; and, in addition, no looting troops—hard put to it to invent an amusement for a Sunday afternoon—would be likely to interfere with them; and, lastly, with good luck, the camera might be placed at such an elevation as would include a background of the distant downs instead of the sky. So the writer climbed a suitable-looking, though (since a shell had passed clean through the centre of the stem) somewhat shaky, beech tree and looked across on to a collection of nests which seemed to offer unusual possibilities from a pictorial point of view.

On April 11th—an appropriate day, for, since it was a Sunday, no firing was taking place—the first photographs were taken of the shelled trees, of the nests in the fruit trees and bushes,



NESTS AMONG THE BROKEN TREE-TOPS.



ON THE WING.

The illustration shows how a flying rook separates its primaries.

altogether unscathed, for some of them had been hit by pieces of flying shrapnel, while beneath the trees lay the forms of several dead rooks. Caught up in the branches at the edge of his nest, a male rook was hanging. Killed, no doubt, as he attended to the business of nest-building or the needs of his sitting mate, his body remained swinging in the breeze—a warning, one would think, to all other rooks to betake themselves elsewhere. But so complex is the mentality of the wily rook that the neighbours persisted in their determination to lay their eggs and rear their young within a few yards of his remains, while his mate, quite unruffled by the proximity of her late husband's body, continued to sit closely upon her five eggs.

and, after a somewhat lengthy wait, of one of the old rooks at her nest in an elder bush. Also, an imitation camera was placed at the top of the beech tree overlooking the clump of nests and left in position for the rooks to become accustomed to it.

Photography from this position was not attempted until May 7th, and then not until 1 p.m., although the writer had made an early start. For in the meantime he had been treated to an artillery demonstration—the shells bursting with such accuracy and frequency among the trees supporting the rooks' homes as to suggest that at the termination of the bombardment there would be nothing but *débris* left. At length, however, the bombardment died down, and through the clearing smoke the

trees once more stood out — apparently none the worse for their shaking. The writer then learnt that the battery had finished firing for the day, that the F.O.O. was coming in and that they were already "packing up." Cheered by the news, the journey towards the rookery was resumed, and once again visions of the Somme were recalled. The little valley leading to the wood was really exactly

like the numerous "Death Valleys" of France, while the freshly torn earth and pungent smell of H.E. suggested derelict rifles, equipment and German tin hats. The trees themselves had suffered little from the recent hammering, though fresh branches had been torn off, fresh shell splinters stuck in their sides and strongly smelling shell-holes had made their appearance among their twisted roots.

Some two hours later the camera was at length fixed in position and duly focussed, the string attached (what a business that is without the help of a companion!) and the dark slide withdrawn in readiness for an exposure. The writer, not wishing to disturb the rooks unnecessarily, had decided to retire to a shell-hole for a while before trying for a picture, and, seated there, was comfortably engaged in partaking of lunch and watching the rooks, when he was rudely awakened to the disagreeable realities of life by a most unexpected feeling. This feeling was caused by a dull "bomp" in the distance, followed by the slow,



A NEST IN A LOW YEW TREE.

slithering whine of an approaching "heavy." For a short moment that "hollow feeling" was experienced, and then the shell, passing away to the left, exploded on an adjacent range with an almighty "Ber-rang," and the shriek of flying fragments. All being well, the business of photographing the rooks proceeded, the results—some of which appear in these pages—show-

ing that the rooks returned to their nests as though nothing untoward had occurred.

One of these illustrations shows a rook placing a piece of food in the gaping mouth of one of its young ones. This photograph was taken in a low yew tree, the presence of only two



AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.



A ROOK AT HER NEST IN AN ELDER BUSH.

young ones in the nest perhaps being accounted for by the fact that the nest, being so easily accessible, had been so often deprived of its contents. Those photographs of the rooks on the wing, taken some days later, are, perhaps, of interest, since they show how a flying rook separates its primaries. These particular birds may be identified at once as being mature, since they had acquired the whitish skin at the base of the bill. The young ones, as may be seen in some of the photographs, have a "moustache," as have the rest of the corvidæ.

By this time many of the young rooks were already on the wing—a few, in fact, had found their way into rook pies! It will be interesting to see whether the rooks return to the spot next year; that is, if there are any trees left for them to return to.

CHINESE ART IN ENGLAND

I.—PORCELAIN OF THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

By R. L. HOBSON.

THE wonderful wealth of English country houses in things of artistic interest and value is little imagined by the world at large and not always fully realised by the owners themselves; and yet, these old family residences, which have passed from generation to generation in an unbroken succession, are a veritable paradise for the collector. Here, if he is lucky enough to be made free of the house, he will find still *in situ* those delightful relics of bygone art and industry at which he has learned to gaze with curiosity in our museums and with eager but questioning eyes in the antique shops. The collector of china, for instance, will find, shyly retired in unsuspected corners or absorbed into the general scheme of decoration, porcelains of all periods and makes. Much will, of course, be commonplace; but he will rarely fail to light upon some curious and unusual piece which will call for a hurried and excited entry in his notebook. Some of the specimens, alas! will have suffered from exposure; but the wonder is how much of these unconsidered trifles has survived so many generations of men and of housemaids.

Then, the inner sanctuaries of cabinets and the china closet, what delightful secrets they contain! Portions of long discarded services, incomplete sets, odd bowls and vases, relics of past extravagances or the victims of changing tastes which have been left to accumulate. Here is enchanted ground for the treasure seeker. Here his discreet rummaging is a series of thrills. The whole history of porcelain unfolds before his eyes—the Oriental mysteries, the first strivings of Meissen, St. Cloud, Chelsea, Bow and Worcester and a dozen other pioneer factories of Europe. One would wish to give them all their meed of praise, but our present business is with the Oriental, which is at once the largest and most important group of all and the ultimate source of our best ceramic inspirations.

The modern collector boasts the possession of Chinese porcelain as old as the eighth century and of Chinese pottery a millennium older; but these antiquities are late arrivals, sent from China in recent years in response to his demands. There is no record of any Chinese specimen in England which can be traced in our family annals beyond the sixteenth century, and the early historic pieces such as the Trenchard (Fig. 3) and Warham bowls could be counted on the fingers of one hand. They came in days before any Christian ship had reached China, and they must have passed through many strange experiences before they arrived in our remote corner of Europe.



1.—WINE EWER WITH HSÜAN TÊ MARK. HEIGHT 6 INS.



2.—BOWL WITH CH'ENG HUA MARK. DEPTH 4 INS.
Both British Museum Collection.



3.—"TRENCHARD BOWL." DEPTH 8 INS. PROPERTY OF MRS. LANE OF BLOXWORTH.



4.—MEI-P'ING VASE WITH LOTUS DESIGN. HEIGHT 17INS.



5.—VASE WITH CHRYSANTHEMUMS IN RELIEF. HEIGHT 18INS.



6.—VASE WITH CH'ENG HUA MARK. HEIGHT 16½INS.

The early intercourse between China and the West would make a story full of human interest if space allowed its telling. The tales of the Arab merchants who traded overseas with Canton in the ninth century, the Chinese records of their own ventures in sea-going junks as far as East Africa and the Red Sea, the traffics and discoveries at the great mediæval *entrepôts* in the East Indies and India, are all brimful of romance—a worthy sequel would be found in Purchas' "His Pilgrimes," with his quaint and delightful narratives of European adventure in pursuit of the fabled "wealth of Ormus and of Ind"—until

finally our own East India Company, established on a firm footing, reduced the China trade to a commonplace and made Chinese wares familiar in every household.

In the year 1506 Phillip of Austria, King of Castille, was forced by a storm, which scattered his ships, to land at Weymouth. There he received hospitality from Sir Thomas Trenchard at Wolveton House, and in return gave to his host, among other presents, two Chinese porcelain bowls, which have fortunately been preserved by the family. They were, as far as we know, the first pieces of Oriental porcelain to reach this



7.—JAR WITH SHOU LAO AND IMMORTALS. HEIGHT 16¾INS.



8.—MEI-P'ING VASE WITH PIERCED DESIGNS. HEIGHT 3½INS.

All British Museum Collection.

country, and it would be interesting to learn something more of their previous history. It is not difficult to conjecture how they might have come into Phillip's possession. There was no lack of such things in India, Persia, Turkey or Egypt at the time; and we know that Venetians and Florentines had considerable trade with the near east in the fifteenth century. Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape in 1497 and sailed to Calicut in India, and Pedro de Covillan, another Portuguese, had reached the same distant port sixteen years before by taking ship from Toro in the Red Sea. But, on the whole, it is most probable that Phillip's supplies came direct from Egypt to Spain, for it is on record that porcelain was among the exports from Egypt to Barcelona in the year 1487.

But, whatever their adventures may have been by sea and land, these far-travelled bowls have a special interest to-day as authentic examples of that much discussed and rarely seen substance, early Ming blue and white porcelain. Not that they can pretend to be typical of the best Chinese work of this period, for they clearly belong to the export class of wares. The description which accompanies an illustration of one of them in Gulland's book leaves no doubt of this. Their "porcelain is rather greyish and not of fine quality. One of the bowls bore the decoration very distinctly traced in blackish cobalt, while the other had a very washed out and faded appearance." The decoration, it should be added, consists of a running scroll of flowers, apparently pæony, on the outside, while inside is a medallion with a fish in water weeds in the centre, and four

costly silver-gilt mount, which was added in London about 1550. The date of the Trenchard bowls, which cannot be later than 1500, brings them within measurable distance of the celebrated reigns of Hsüan Tê (1426-35) and Ch'êng Hua (1465-1587), the two classic periods of Ming porcelain. Fine specimens of these reigns were too highly prized in China to admit of their finding their way to Europe. Even in the sixteenth century a Chinese collector like Hsiang Yüan-p'ien was ready to pay 100 taels for a pair of small Ch'êng Hua wine cups of no larger capacity than a modern port glass. A hundred taels (roughly about £30), though a trifling sum for such things to-day, would have been out of the question in the sixteenth century. And so we need not expect the rare porcelains among our family heirlooms, especially those of this early period, to represent the best that China could produce. Indeed, it seems advisable for the writer in these articles to run as it were a double account, with one entry for the wares current in the trade of the time and the other for their finer counterparts, which have only recently been drawn from China by the gilded magnet of the collector. Both accounts will be small at first, but they increase in volume as time goes on, and the initial dearth of illustrations soon becomes an *embarras de richesse*.

Of the current wares of the fifteenth century the only considerable group which has survived in Europe consists of the massive, sea-green celadons of the Lung-ch'üan district with which we shall deal later. On the other hand, there may well be specimens of this period in a smaller but more attractive



9.—BOWL WITH HSÜAN TÊ MARK. DEPTH 8in.
Swaythling Heirlooms. Victoria and Albert Museum.

fishes on the sides. There is, in addition, a border of the well known curling wave pattern. In judging a piece of blue and white one of the determining factors is the quality of the blue. The most prized Ming blue was an imported pigment, the name of which, "Mohammedan blue," indicates that it came from some Western source and was probably brought by Arab traders. The supply of this mineral was intermittent and we read that it failed in the last part of the fifteenth century, when the Trenchard bowls doubtless were made. The native material was impure and could only produce a good colour if submitted to a costly process of refinement. Naturally the best quality would not be wasted on porcelain, which had to face the risks of the export trade at that time. We need not, then, be surprised to find the blue on the better of the Trenchard bowls described as a blackish cobalt. Another factor is the style of the decoration. One of the charms of Ming painted porcelain is its individuality, the oneness of the design and a certain character in the draughtsmanship which are lacking at a later period, when the decoration of a single piece was the work of many hands. This charm is not wanting in the Trenchard bowls, though their execution is of the summary kind which one expects to find on export wares. The Chinese have never wasted their best efforts on the foreigner, whose taste they have generally affected to despise. On the other hand, there was no lack of appreciation in Europe at this time even of the less considered efforts of the Chinese, for the Trenchard family deemed one of the bowls worthy of a

class of vases and jars, also of sturdy build, but decorated with coloured glazes, which figure in our collections as Early Ming. They tally so closely with the Chinese descriptions of the porcelains of that time that we must, at any rate, regard them as true to the type.

Few of these pieces, it will be noted, are in perfect state; some have been ground down at the edges to trim off a damaged rim, and others have lost inches of their stature in this process of cutting down. In others, again, the original cover is wanting or the handles have been replaced by metal work. But that, after all, is not a very heavy toll for three hundred years of usage; and it is quite possible that in many cases we have to thank these very defects for our possession of these precious relics. The Chinese collector is notoriously sensitive to any crack or flaw in the objects which he treasures. We, however, who cannot afford to be so particular, welcome such rarities, whether flawed or not, for the great beauty of their colours and design and for the strength and nobility of their forms.

Most of these polychrome Ming vases are decorated in coloured glazes—such as dark blue, green, yellow, turquoise and aubergine purple—the colours being kept in place by various devices which served at the same time to define the patterns. Thus in Figs. 4 and 7 the design is outlined in threads of clay which acted as cloisons to contain the various glazes. In Fig. 8 the design is carved in openwork, and in Fig. 5 it is modelled in

relief. Fig. 7, a wine jar, which requires a cover to complete it, is decorated with the well worn subject of the Eight Taoist Immortals visiting Shou Lao, the God of Long Life. In Fig. 8 some of the same Immortals are seen crossing the sea to reach the Taoist Paradise. The latter vase has a solid inner body behind its pierced outer casing. Dark blue is the ground colour in these two examples and the designs are rendered in other and lighter glazes. Fig. 5 is a singularly beautiful type, with naturalistic flowers in aubergine, green and white against a lovely turquoise ground. Fig. 6 differs from the rest with its painted floral scroll in enamel colours and underglaze blue on a ground of cracked grey. It has been cut down at the neck and its massive base is inscribed with the mark of the Ch'eng Hua period.

Of the other objects illustrated, Fig. 2 is of peculiar interest and may, indeed, be a true Chinese specimen of a classic period in the fifteenth century. It is a little bowl (4ins. in diameter) of fine white material, with a thick limpid glaze faintly greenish in tone, beneath which are painted figures with flowing robes in a pure silvery blue. Under the base is the six-character mark of the Ch'eng Hua period (1465-87); and the bowl is affirmed to be a true specimen of that reign by one who is reputed the best native judge in Peking. This is certainly a weighty certificate and one which must command respect from the most sceptical. It is difficult for us, who have no perfectly authenticated examples of this period with which to make comparison,

to form an independent judgment, but one thing is certain, that this little bowl has a character of its own and cannot be rejected on the score of similarity to known pieces of later date. Its nearest analogues are to be found in some of the finer Japanese porcelains of the princely Hirado factory, which, notoriously followed the early Ming traditions, but the paste and glaze of our bowl preclude a Japanese origin.

Fig. 1, on the other hand, is an export piece, a wine pot with thick and rather bubbly glaze, also of greenish cast. The bands of floral ornament between the ribs which partition the sides comprise growing plants and scrolls in Persian style, painted in a good blue, which the nature of the overlying glaze has rendered somewhat hazy in outline. It bears the mark of the Hsüan Tê period (1426-35), and if not actually of that reign it was certainly made in the Ming dynasty. Some part of its existence was spent in Persia, where it was embellished with gilding now mostly obliterated. A wine pot of the same form with similar spout and ribbed sides, but painted with figures of boys and fitted with an English silver mount of the year 1585, is to be seen in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Fig. 9, a bowl with lotus design inside and out and a silver-gilt mount of the Elizabethan period also bears the Hsüan Tê mark and is probably an export piece of that period. Its general resemblance to the Trenchard bowl is worthy of note. This interesting piece is exhibited among the Swaythling heirlooms in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

HISTORY AND SOCIALISM

AFTER writing a wonderfully clear and spirited account of the beginnings of this planet and the beginnings of man Mr. H. G. Wells, in "The Outline of History" (Newnes), went on to pick his way skillfully through that world which we call Ancient History, bringing into strong relief those figures which have exerted an important influence in moulding the destiny of *homo sapiens*. Now he has come very near to the end of the story, and the interest, without diminishing, has changed its orientation. The socialism of the historian becomes dominant in the pages and it is easy to see that it colours his dream of the future. It is a hopeful and optimistic dream. The central idea of the survey is that man has never surrendered to the difficulties encountered, but, at the same time, he has had to pursue his way from one fearful struggle to another, mounting up, if he is mounting up, by very slow degrees. He would not agree that his attitude is very closely akin to that of the man of 1848, embodied as it was in Tennyson's vision of the future as the time when the war drum throbbed no longer and there was a Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World. He quotes from the pages of "Locksley Hall" and then quietly remarks: "There was much shallow optimism on the part of comfortable people just then." He seems to have no great love of the nineteenth century. He thinks it a period when "the natural tribalism of man was unnaturally exaggerated." He goes to the length of saying that the figures of Britannia, Hibernia, France and Germania which figured so freely in the illustrated papers of the time were only the tribal gods of the nineteenth century. He would not allow that these ancient figures represent the type which a country shapes and moulds. John Bull and Britannia are wonderful embodiments of national character. They are the only tribal gods which are not exaggerated. Germania and France are both of them exaggerated, and Cathleen ni Houlihan is sentimentalised to the *nth* degree. The theme which predominates over all others, however, is the revolt of labour. It is represented as beginning when the first slaves refused to do the bidding of the strong man who had conquered them. The very word "Spartacus" was used in Rome to denote the revolting slave, and it has the same meaning in the Germany of to-day. Wage-labour he regards as being a slight step forward from absolute slavery and does not conceal his sympathy with the efforts made to-day by the worker to ensure himself a much larger share of the profit of his work. It is easy to build up a social philosophy on statements like these, and it does not need much cynicism to show it matters nothing that the statements do not fall in with the facts. After all, the best history written is but a babyish attempt to reconstruct a past that never returns. Not without appositeness the history of the past has been called a dream. It is not composed of facts, but of the interpretation put on certain facts by men more or less discriminating and imaginative. We would give a good case in point from the last number of the "Outline," which is lying before us. It is that in which Mr. Wells states that the origin of the German war is to be found in the murder of the Austrian Prince at Sarajevo. Surely

this is not the truth, any more than it is true that England went into the war on account of the invasion of Belgium. It has been abundantly proved that the German Emperor was resolved on war as soon as his navy was built and the Kiel Canal finished. The Archduke's murder was only the pretext selected on the principle that any stick was good enough with which to beat a dog. England did not go into the war to save Belgium. She went into the war because of the knowledge that the German ambition included either the invasion of this country or such reduction of its strength that it would no longer dominate Europe as it had in the past. We fought to protect our own hearths and homes. Always when war breaks out a reason is given to inflame the mind of the soldier and civilian. The Kaiser missed no opportunity of dinning it into the ears of his subjects that Germany had entered upon a defensive war; that she was ringed about by enemies; that Sir Edward Grey and the late Edward VII were dark and foul conspirators and Germany a long-suffering angel.

Speaking frankly (and what sense in any other way?) it must be said bluntly that Mr. Wells does not examine the tenets and theories of socialism with any thoroughness. He ignores the fact that the greater wealth of the world to-day is due much more to the enterprise and courage of capitalism than to labour. If any Socialist disagrees with this, let him lay aside argumentation and rancour so as to bring light without heat to the inquiry. Is it true or is it not true that when labour was ill paid the country was very poor compared to what it is to-day? Was it not "the regiment that never was listed" that carried trade to the remote parts of the earth? Was it not capital that dug the mine and built the railway? Mr. Smillie might say no, but then it is part of his profession to promise stuff "to split the ears of the groundlings."

We have not had such a bright first quarter of the twentieth century, and the weather forecast is not so good for the remaining three-quarters that we can afford to scoff at the nineteenth. Labour is spreading such paralysis over every branch of industry that no one can guess what may happen.

It is not for its politics or philosophy that the "Outline" will be bought; it will be because it contains so much exquisite writing like the following:

It is only within the last three or at the most four thousand years that we have any clear evidence that voluntary self-abandonment to some greater end, without fee or reward, was an acceptable idea to men, or that anyone had propounded it. Then we find spreading over the surface of human affairs, as patches of sunshine spread and pass over the hillsides upon a windy day in spring, the idea that there is a happiness in self-devotion greater than any personal gratification or triumph, and a life of mankind different and greater and more important than the sum of all the individual lives within it. We have seen that idea become vivid as a beacon, vivid as sunshine caught and reflected dazzlingly by some window in the landscape, in the teachings of Buddha, Lao Tse, and, most clearly of all, of Jesus of Nazareth.

Here is a broad, simple and direct passage of literature. There is much equally good in the "Outline," bits that do gladden the heart of those who love good writing.



THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS ON STOKE PERO COMMON.
Nutscale, Locott Moor, Hawkscombe Head and the Channel in the distance.



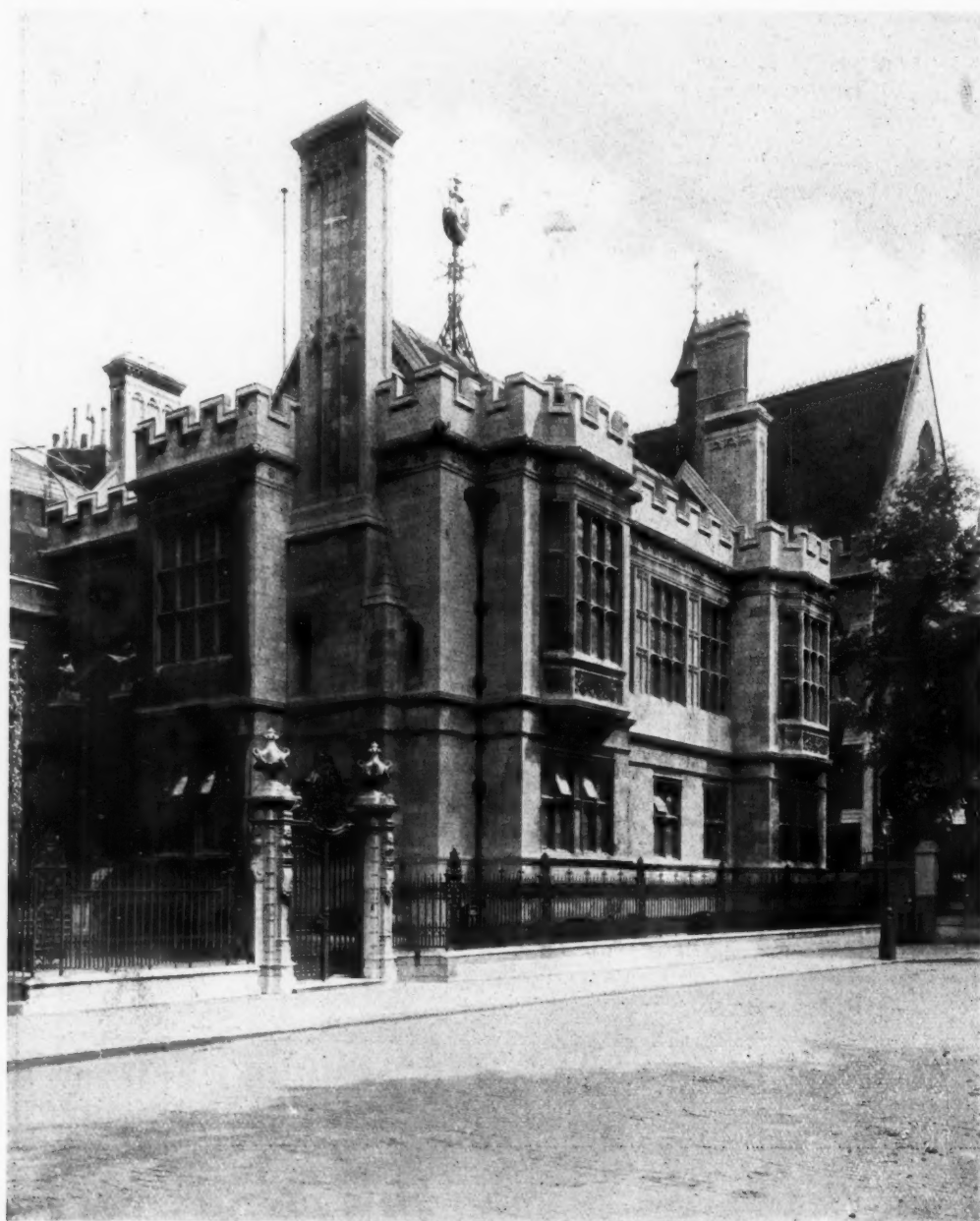
THE ASTOR ESTATE OFFICE
ON THE
VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.

SET trimly in a backwater off the Victoria Embankment, the Astor Estate Office has long been a familiar little building to those who take any interest in modern architecture in London. But few people have ever seen its interior, so that, apart from a topical interest in the building by reason of its impending sale, and the speculation aroused as to what purposes it will henceforth serve, the accompanying series of photographs will be regarded as a revelation. With the exception of two or three illustrations that appeared at the time of the architect's death, no photographs of the inside of the building have, so far as I can trace, ever before been published.

Before going on to say something of the building, it will be of interest to recall the period to which its architect, J. L. Pearson, R.A., belonged, and to survey very briefly the general character of his achievements. Seeing that Mr. Pearson was born just over a hundred years ago—in Brussels—and that after receiving an architectural education under Ignatius Bonomi (to whom he was articled in Durham at the age of fourteen) he worked with Salvin and Philip Hardwick; and remembering that he practised as an architect right up to the end of his life in 1897, when he was in his eighty-first year; it will be realised that his experience ran through nearly the whole gamut of nineteenth century architecture in England. The major

portion of his career was contemporary with the Gothic Revival and the "Battle of the Styles," and quite naturally, therefore, he was a Gothicism, but by no means restricted in his views; on the contrary, he had very considerable sympathies with Renaissance architecture, and had even cherished the hope that he might get the opportunity to do a purely Classic building.

It is interesting to know what the men of his own time thought of Pearson's life-work. For this I turn to the opinion of a well informed critic who wrote about the architect just after his death. "We lose," he says, "not only one of our most eminent architects, but the most conservative, the most learned, and probably the last of the great restorers of our old English cathedrals. Although he was the architect of practically the only great modern cathedral in the country ('the only one of the modern English cathedrals that was fit for a Roman Catholic cathedral,' as one Catholic commentator put it), and of many other beautiful and highly ornate churches, it was probably as a restorer that he was best known to the general public, and even to the present



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1.—THE EXTERIOR FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—THE GREAT ROOM, ON THE FIRST FLOOR.
The panelling here is of pencil cedar, the roof, of Spanish mahogany.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

generation of architects; for memories are short, and while his original work was accorded by his countrymen little more than the apathetic indifference manifested towards all modern architecture alike, his restorations were recently the subject of an acrimonious controversy. . . . His restorations did not satisfy either the unreasonable sentimentalists, who, apparently, would prefer to see our old buildings perish of decay rather than that a stone of them should be touched, or the surviving hangers-on of the great Gothic school, who still cling to the absurd idea that it is possible and desirable to 'restore' features of which all trace has long since been lost in the form in which they were originally built; nor is that fact much to be regretted. . . ."

The "acrimonious controversy" referred to was, presumably, Pearson's work at Westminster Hall, where he built

Kilburn, and All Saints, Hove, testifying further to his ability as a Gothic constructor who believed above all in the great systems of vaulting which Viollet-le-Duc promulgated with such exactness.

But he carried out also a certain amount of domestic work, in particular Lechlade Manor and Quarwood in Gloucestershire; Westwood House, Sydenham; and last, and most important of all, the building on the Victoria Embankment which, very late in life, he designed as the office of the estate of John Jacob Astor, who died in 1854. It is a very remarkable little building in many ways, most notable because it was planned to accord with a very unusual conception of what a modern office might be, carried out irrespective of cost. Such an opportunity rarely comes to any architect, and though there are many who will challenge the conception and



Copyright.

3.—BAY IN LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the two-storeyed cloister between and under the flying buttresses, with a return building on the north side forming a carriage shelter below and a committee room above. There were other controversies about work done at Westminster Abbey, where Pearson, in his capacity as surveyor of the fabric, completed the upper portion of the great north transept (the three porches having been already taken in hand by Sir Gilbert Scott).

Pearson's achievements as an architect were thus related for the most part to ecclesiastical buildings, Truro Cathedral being his *chef-d'œuvre*, and a whole series of important churches in London and the provinces, among them St. Augustine's,

will not be prepared to see any merit in work belonging to Late Victorian days, I think fair-minded critics will admit at least that the thoroughness given to every detail of the building, from the delightful little ship that forms its weather vane, to the finish of its basement, is worthy of unstinted praise. No one can but be astonished at the extraordinarily fine workmanship which is seen within and without. While myself confessing to a certain feeling of deadness in respect of much of the carved stonework and carved wood enrichments, I must say that never in any modern building have I seen joinery in such beautiful materials so skilfully done. Not a joint has opened

in the panelling and floors, despite a system of heating by pipes, which puts new woodwork under such testing conditions, and the manner in which the doors open and close—with exactness, the perfect working of the locks, and the precise fitting of mouldings and panels throughout, all bear testimony to the technical skill of the Victorian craftsman.

first floor is planned and embellished as a flat of most unusual character, designed to accord with the views of its owner and occupier, the late Viscount Astor.

The exterior, built entirely of Portland stone, very directly expresses the principal interior arrangements. There is a range of windows lighting the front office, with an upper range



Copyright. 4.—DETAIL OF DOORWAY AND PANELLING IN GREAT ROOM ON FIRST FLOOR. "C.L."

Set in the door are nine decorative panels of silver (gilt) representing characters belonging to the Arthurian Legend.

The Astor Estate Office occupies a secluded corner site just outside the Temple Gardens, being hemmed in on one side by the tall block of Bodley and Garner's School Board building, and bordered on the other side by Savage's library of the Middle Temple. It comprises two storeys and a basement. On the ground floor is a large office at the front of the building, with two or three business rooms in connection with it, while the

flanked by oriels lighting the big room on the first floor, and meticulous care was taken alike by the architect and the carver in producing what is a veritable casket in stone. The whole façade has been embellished, the enrichment being extended to the chimneys which jut up at either end of the building, and always a focus of interest is the wrought-iron weather vane surmounted by its little ship—a representation in beaten copper of



Copyright.

5.—THE FOOT OF THE STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The carved wood figures on the newel posts represent characters in "The Three Musketeers."

the ship in which Columbus discovered America. The entrance is through an elaborate pair of iron gates flanked by vase-crowned piers. This leads into a paved forecourt where the plain brickwork on the flank of the School Board building is masked by a wall of stonework for a height of about fifteen feet, the applied wall-face being relieved with piers and panels and having gargoyles introduced as decorative features.

The ground floor is raised a little above street level, and the stone steps by which it is approached have stone pedestals bearing bronze lamp standards, where little boy figures—the work of W. S. Frith—playfully represent the wonders of telegraphy and telephony. The entrance doors are of solid bronze, and, like all the other doors in the building, are very massive. Like all the other doors, too, these have elaborately enriched mouldings, the finish of which is almost as fine as jeweller's work. A stone-lined vestibule leads into the staircase hall,

where at once is revealed the skill in craftsmanship and complete restriction from limits of cost which are characteristic of the whole building. The floor here is of rare marbles laid in geometrical patterns, and at one side is a marble mantelpiece; but it is the staircase that claims chief attention. It rises in three flights to a gallery at first-floor level, and on its newel posts stand some beautifully carved wood figures from "The Three Musketeers," these figures being similar in their placing and very reminiscent in their effect to the little figures of Cromwell's soldiers which stand on the newels of the staircase of Cromwell House, Highgate. The treads of the stairs are of solid mahogany, in which wood also the balustrading is carved, the staircase walls being of oak. The first floor arcading has pillars of solid ebony, remarkably attractive in colour and surface, and on the oak capitals of these pillars stand some little figures representing characters in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and Fenimore Cooper's novels; while

the frieze above, carved in oak, portrays scenes from the plays of Shakespeare, the two from "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Henry VIII" being immediately recognisable. These carved figures are the work of the late Mr. J. Nicholls, and I should like to pay a tribute here to a craftsman, gone and forgotten, who quite obviously had a rare gift for modelling and a keen perception of grace in figure carving. "D'Artagnan," debonair, standing on his newel at the foot of the stairs, "Porthos" commanding the upper post, and "Athos," melancholy and stately, half way up, are all most delightful little figures. So, too, are "The Last of the Mohicans" and "Pennefather" on the capitals above, the latter figure (as will be seen on the right hand side of the illustration below) being most admirably placed as regards lighting from the stained-glass light that covers the staircase hall.

From the first-floor gallery around the top of the staircase one enters the Great Room that extends the whole length of the building on the river front. This was Lord Astor's room,

serving as a living-room and a private office. It challenges criticism, but there can be no question that, regarding the room as a room, it is an extraordinarily fine one, and the manner in which it is finished is quite remarkable. The room is open to the roof and is elaborately panelled out in pencil cedar, attractive alike by its delicate grain and surface as by its fragrance. The roof is of hammer-beam type, and its design must have been a real pleasure to anyone who, like Pearson, had made a careful study of Gothic timberwork. It is all of Spanish mahogany, its braces and hammer-beams being richly carved, and the bearing of the latter brought down on fluted mahogany pilasters to the floor level. The panelling is crowned by a frieze in which are carved heads of men and women celebrated in history and in literature, these heads being gilt. Gilt, too, are a series of carved mahogany figures representing Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, and other characters in "Ivanhoe," that stand within traceried canopies under the roof principals. This room is about sixty feet in length by twenty-five feet in width, and must be quite thirty feet



Copyright

6.—THE STAIRCASE GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The carved wood figures on the capitals are from Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" and Fenimore Cooper's novels. The figures on the frieze are Shakespearean subjects.



Copyright.

7.—THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—A SITAR AND THE *POUPEE* IN THE LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

high to the ridge. There are two carved pencil cedar chimneypieces, one at either end, next the bays that are formed by the oriel windows, and at either end also is a wide recess fitted with morocco seats and a table; here meals could be taken in an informal way. Over the west chimneypiece is a picture by Gilbert Stewart, a portrait of the first John Jacob Astor, whose story, belonging to a century ago, is told in Washington Irving's "Astoria"; while at intervals on the panelling are hung the pictures of succeeding heads of the Astor family, the last of the series being a Herkomer portrait of the late Lord Astor. The furniture in this room comprises only a few pieces, but these are rare ones, especially fine being an old black cabinet (Dutch presumably) which stands on the left side of the entrance door, mention of which door recalls its nine decorative panels in silver, gilt. These are some of the early work of Sir George Frampton, R.A., and represent in low relief Elaine, the Lady of the Lake, and other characters belonging to the Arthurian Legend. At the western end of the room there is a concealed panel which, on being released by the moving of a slide, reveals two handles, by means of which a door-like section of the wall is opened, disclosing the steel entrance to a strong-room that extends across the house on one side of the gallery. The further end of the strong-room abuts on a bedroom, where one may see again some most remarkable craftsmanship. The panelling here is of sabecu, a wood somewhat resembling mahogany; but the feature of greatest interest is the bedstead, a wonderful old French four-poster of the François Premier period, overspread with a coverlet of brocade and having a piece of fine tapestry hanging on the wall behind it; the rich effect being further heightened by the ceiling, which, sunk in an oval form at the centre, and having floral enrichment in the spandrels, is all gilt. The whole, however, is very low in tone and not at all assertive; in fact, the general effect of the room, though rich, is subdued.

Next to the bedroom is a bathroom, these two rooms coming side by side on the western side of the gallery. On the other side is the library, which also can be entered through a door contrived as part of the panelling of the wall that divides this room from the large front room. The library has a floor laid with broad planks of Spanish mahogany, polished. It is a beautiful floor, delightful in colour, and here once more one has to take note of the excellence of the workmanship, the jointing throughout being as close and perfect as in a piece of fine cabinet-work. The walls of the library are panelled in satinwood, a range of bookcases extending on the side next the staircase, the cases themselves being surmounted by a series of segmental panels carved in low relief and separated by little emblematical figures. This carving is also by the late Mr. J. Nicholls. At one end of the room is a chimneypiece in statuary marble, its fireplace being flanked by a pair of caryatides and its upper

portion having twisted columns on either side of a centre panel bearing on shields the names of the succeeding heads of the Astor family. Among the "furniture" in this room is a life-size *poupée* in a rich dress, holding in her hands a guitar most exquisitely finished, the whole appearing to be of Italian workmanship. Another guitar and a very fine sitar are to be seen in the bedroom. The photographs here reproduced (see opposite page) show with what rare skill these instruments are fashioned.

These are the first-floor rooms which made up the flat that was occupied by the owner, who also of course had his house in Carlton House Terrace (where Pearson had done much interior work for him).

As has been said, every portion of the building is of the very best possible workmanship and the best materials, and



Copyright.

9.—THE FRANCOIS PREMIER BED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

this outstanding quality is visible in the subsidiary and service portion of the building no less than in its principal rooms. Especially noteworthy in this respect are the "back stairs" that extend from basement to roof level. Here Pearson has done on a small scale what Wren did on a great one in the Dean's staircase of St. Paul's. He contrived a stair built out from the wall with no other support than that given by the bearing of the wall itself. It is oval in form and winds up very gracefully, being bordered by a wrought-iron handrail which, like the office grille (by Mr. Starkie Gardner) and other similar work in the building, stands as a sound piece of smithing on traditional lines. It would, indeed, be difficult to find a modern building where every detail has been so thoroughly well carried out as in the Astor Estate Office.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.

LADY CHAMPIONS IN THE MAKING

BY BERNARD DARWIN.



MISS CLARKE (THE WINNER), MISS LEITCH (THE UMPIRE), MISS PHARAZYN AND HER BROTHER AND CADDIE DAVID.

THE young ladies with their hair up may win, and, in point of fact, they do, but the Girls' Championship is pre-eminently the feast of St. Pigtail. The more infantile the phenomenon the larger the crowd, and the lady who was the *furor* of one year becomes the wallflower of the next. The age limit is, I venture to think, put rather too high. Between twenty and fourteen there is a great gulf, and the poor little pigtails generally disappear after the first round or two, but everyone is their slave so long as they remain. This year one of them, Miss Barbara Griffiths, the youngest of all the competitors, survived to the semi-final round, and then only succumbed at the last hole to the ultimate winner. So, although in this tournament it is age that will be served, youth made a gallant fight of it.

Miss Christina Clarke and Miss Audrey Croft met in the final, as they did last year, and Miss Clarke just succeeded in reversing last year's verdict, winning at the twenty-first hole. She was not the better golfer of the two. She had neither the style nor the power nor the strokes of her opponent, but she had a stout heart and a level head, she was very steady when she got near the hole, and she most thoroughly deserved her victory. Miss Croft played so well in the semi-final that she seemed to have the Championship at her mercy, but in the afternoon she could not settle down

nor do herself justice. She was as graceful as ever, and made now and again some delightful shots, but she frittered away too many strokes and threw away too many chances.

Of the other elder players Miss Pollitt struck me as the best. She has ease and grace and power, and she, too, alas! threw away good chances. Of the younger ones Miss Griffiths was, of course, the heroine, and she is a wonderful little player for her age. She herself has grown by inches since last year, and her driving has grown by yards—many yards. The fact that she was over the sixth green in two shots is sufficient evidence of her length, and there is a compactness about her style and a firmness and “nip” in every shot she hits which promise great things for the future. Moreover, of all the players she was the most stoical. Some of her maturer competitors must have envied her calmness and generalship; indeed, watching some of her matches against her elders one felt inclined to turn a famous saying topsy-turvy and exclaim “Si jeunesse pouvait, si vieillesse

savait.”

Miss Ruth Pharazyn was smaller than Miss Griffiths, though just a little older, and she, too, may well be a championess in the making. She reached the edge of the third green with her tee shot—no mean hitting—and there was no truer and better driving than hers to be seen in the tournament. Though she had a good little golfer and a stern critic in the shape of a younger brother to



MISS AUDREY CROFT AND HER FATHER, WHO CARRIES FOR HER.



MISS RHONA RABBIDGE.



MISS MURIEL WICKENDEN.

carry her clubs, her tactics were not always of the soundest, and she seems at present to disdain the pedestrian art of putting, but in these respects she is, at any rate, young enough to learn better.

Two other young players of great promise were Miss Muriel Wickenden and Miss Rhona Rabbidge. The former has as near a perfect driving swing as one may hope to see, and some of her tee shots were astonishing. Indeed, the wave of long driving which has been so noticeable since the war is not confined to grown-up golfers. Miss Rabbidge has, too, a natural gift for

hitting the ball desperately hard. She played so well last year that her early disappearance this time was a disappointment. "Rhona Rabbidge beaten!" I heard one very small girl in the crowd say to another in an awe-stricken tone as one might say, "Harry Vardon not qualified for the Championship! Can such things be?" And I shared their sorrow to the full, for she does whack the ball (it is the only possible word) delightfully and is the best fun in the world to watch.

For the rest, Miss Stringer had thought of everything that could be thought of, and everybody enjoyed himself or herself



MISS RUTH PHARYZYN.



MISS CROFT BUNKERED.



This year, aged 14.



Last year, aged 13.

MISS BARBARA GRIFFITHS. HOW SHE HAS GROWN!

enormously. Stoke Poges was in its usual good order, despite the cruel weather; although the wet, rough grass at the sides of the course made the game very hard work for not very strong hands and wrists. There was the same pleasing variety of watching parents as last year to amuse the more cynical. There were the fathers who carried their daughters' clubs, and there were the fathers who didn't, and said—very unreasonably—that it ought not to be allowed. There were the mothers who followed round praying ardently; the mothers who pretended

unsuccessfully that they didn't care, and the mothers who cared so much that they hid behind tree trunks lest their daughters should catch sight of them. In short, it was "all very capital." If the scores were not very good, many of the strokes were, and even as regards the scores here is a comforting comparison. In this year's Western Girls' Championship in America a lady called Miss Delphine Titus of Calumet is reported to have gone out in 113 and come home in 108. The least of the championesses of Stoke could have given her 100 strokes or so and a beating.

THE WIND-BELL

All day, hung from the curtain-pole,
The Wind-bell tinkles as it pleases.
It hasn't any self-control;

The littlest wind that ups and teases
Hither and thither serves to send
The bits of painted glass a-spinning
Babbling a tale that knows no end
But infinite beginning.

But all night long, between my dreams,
When strong winds set the beech-boughs shaking,
And lo! the sound amongst them seems
A murmur as of great waves breaking;
Softly the wind-bell sings to me.
What sound or spell so sweet as it is
Save of old bells lost in the sea
In spires of sunken cities?

Or yonder merry sleigh-bells swing;
Nay, 'tis a fairy blacksmith striking
His tiny anvil—hear it ring!
Ah, dreams and plenty to your liking
The wind-bell knows, and charms your soul
So strangely in the midnight breezes,
All day, hung from the curtain-pole,
It tinkles as it pleases!

Or when the branches scarcely stir,
Then by green woodland ways and shady,
Bending to whisper in her ear
A knight goes riding with his lady,
O gay the chink and sweet the chime
Of silver bells on silken bridle!
Ah, dream, for this is summertime
When all the world turns idle.

Or hark, a tinkling! Surely sheep
Wander by dewy field and bank—let's
Count them and slumber. Or let's creep
Where dusky slaves with bell-ringed anklets
Move silent-wise down silk-strewn ways,
Bearing tall jars of wine where ice is
Clinking for ever, on great trays
Laden with sweets and spices.

MYFANWY PRYCE.

CORRESPONDENCE

A JEWISH WAR MEMORIAL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope you may care to publish this picture of a beautiful bronze and gilt candelabrum. A special service was held at the Central Synagogue, Great Portland Street, on September 21st in celebration of the fifty years Jubilee of the Synagogue, when this candelabrum was unveiled in memory of nineteen officers and men, members of the congregation, who fell in the Great War. The nineteen candles it holds will all be lit each year on the Day of Atonement, and the memorial service for the dead will be recited in the presence of the congregation. In front of each candle socket each soldier's name is engraved in gold on the bronze in English and Hebrew letters, and that man's candle of memory will be lit on the anniversary of his death and an appropriate service held at which the family of the departed will be invited to attend. In this manner the memory of the fallen will be perpetuated in the House of God in which he worshipped. The candelabrum, designed by Mr. Percy Macquoid, R.I., and carried out under his personal and careful superintendence by Messrs. White Allom of 15, George Street, Hanover Square, is in the form of a classical tripod, supporting a boldly gadrooned bowl and flat cupola-shaped cover rising to a golden flame, intended to symbolise the undying memory of the nineteen gallant officers and men who fell in the cause of their King and Country, and is reminiscent of the words, "The Spirit of Man is the Lamp of the Lord" (Proverbs xx, 27). Where the cover joins the bowl is a broad rim on which rest the nineteen cup nozzles, each containing a thick orange-coloured wax candle capable of burning twenty-four hours. It is where the nozzles join this brim that the dead soldier's name is engraved. The flat and fluted legs are headed by gilt and finely modelled lions' masks and finish in gilt lion's paw feet connected with a fillet decorated in a fine wave moulding. The base on which the candelabrum stands is of verde antique marble, and altogether it stands over five feet high. The execution of this work of art is admirable throughout, the chasing of the metal in conjunction with its fine colour and beautiful proportion being quite remarkable.—SYNAGOGUE.

BODIAM CASTLE: WEEDS IN THE MOAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have read Earl Curzon's letter in your issue of the 18th inst. with interest. Dr. Russell is right; the mere rise of the water in the moat may only partially destroy the growth of rushes, which growth is very strong; and the greatest risk will be in the shallower portions of the moat. The rushes should be cut drastically. From the point of view of future beauty, and from the view of the agriculturist, it is a great pity the moat was not thoroughly "mudded," but that would have been a heavy and expensive operation. I believe that was not done when Mr. Cubitt did his repairs in 1864. From the antiquarian point of view the operation might have been interesting.—W. H. QUARRELL.

THE MIGRATION OF SWIFTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The swifts which were in Hyde Park all this summer were still to be seen over the Serpentine on August 5th, but they were all gone on August 7th. I have not personally seen swifts in this country after August 8th, but on more than one occasion have happened to follow them to France. This year they were to be seen circling over the outskirts of Paris on August 10th, but not afterwards.—TEYNHAM.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In your issue of September 11th I note a letter from a correspondent, M. D. Wells, on the date of departure of the swifts. It may interest your correspondents to know that this year swifts were still to be seen circling round the tower of Ely Cathedral, Cambs., every day from August 20th to August 26th, after which date I did not see them again. I had previously seen them constantly at Christchurch, Hants., up till August 18th this year, but left on that date. so do not know the latest date in that locality.—CLEMENCE M. ACLAND.

THE BIRD THAT HANGED ITSELF.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The illustration given in your last issue reminds me that a few years ago a swallow was seen hanging out of its nest suspended

same (not very good, I am afraid). The length is 100ft., width 30ft.; it is 5ft. 8ins. deep at one end, gradually shelving to 3ft. It is run by a committee of villagers. Mixed bathing is allowed at all hours when the bath is open, except Sunday morning, when it is reserved for men.—PHILIP SIDNEY STOTT, Worcestershire.

[The photographs are not suitable for reproduction, but they show an excellent village swimming bath. The only criticism to be made is that no consideration seems to have been extended to women swimmers who do not desire to join in mixed bathing.—ED.]

A CACTUS QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The other day I was looking through some old numbers of COUNTRY LIFE while staying in Devonshire, and found an article on a cactus which I believe grows in Venezuela and is called the "Queen of the Night," and flowers only for one night. In your issue of August 21st, 1909 (page 276), there is a small illustration of a cactus called the "Night-Blowing Cereus." I think this is the same cactus that I mention and one I particularly want information about, principally as to the exact colour and shape of petals when in full flower. I should be very much obliged if you could tell me where I could get further information or a bigger picture in colour of the flower illustrated in your August 21st, 1909, number, or a book on this flower. I have asked in several libraries but have found nothing up to the present moment of any help.—M. ATKINSON.

[There is no doubt that the cactus referred to by our correspondent is one of the night-flowering species of *Cereus*, most probably *Cereus grandiflorus* or *Cereus nycticalus*. The flowers of *Cereus grandiflorus* open as a rule between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, and by three or four in the morning they fade. The calyx of the flower when open is nearly a foot in diameter, the inside being of a splendid yellow colour, while the outside is brown. The petals being of pure white add greatly to the beauty, as also do the recurved stamens in the centre of the flower. The blossoms themselves are very fragrant. The second species, *Cereus nycticalus*, has white flowers, even larger than those of *Cereus grandiflorus*, but scentless. There is a book on cacti which we can strongly recommend, namely, "Cactus Culture for Amateurs," by W. Watson, Curator of the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew. It was published, we believe, by L. Upcott Gill, but is, we fancy, now out of print. If so it could possibly be obtained from one of the large second-hand booksellers.—ED.]

HOW TO FEED A PET FOX.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence in your issue of August 28th and September 4th, I should like to inform your readers that

I have a young dog fox, about seven months old, which has been tamed by my gardener. It has been fed on bread and milk and also scraps of meat from the kitchen, and occasionally mice and small birds. It is very shy with strangers and will only come to the call of the gardener and one of his assistants who feeds it regularly, but it appears, so far, to have no vices. During the first three or four months—when it was brought to me it was about a month old, its mother being burnt in a fire on the Ashdown Forest—it was allowed to run free in the potting shed. It is now in a kennel outside and chained. The gardener has, on several occasions, let it loose in the evening, and wherever it may roam it always comes back to its kennel in the morning to be fed. I shall be glad to give it to any of your correspondents who would find it a comfortable home.—J. R. H.



THE MEMORIAL CANDELABRUM AT THE CENTRAL SYNAGOGUE.

by its leg and spinning round at a great speed in its attempt to get free. A crowd soon collected, and it was evident that the bird was held by a string, the other end of which was inside the nest, a house martin's. A sixty-stave ladder was procured, and a man went up and cut the string, on which the bird fell a couple of yards, then, regaining wing, joined its fellows in the air, seeming none the worse for its mishap.—T. R.

AN OPEN-AIR SWIMMING BATH IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE.

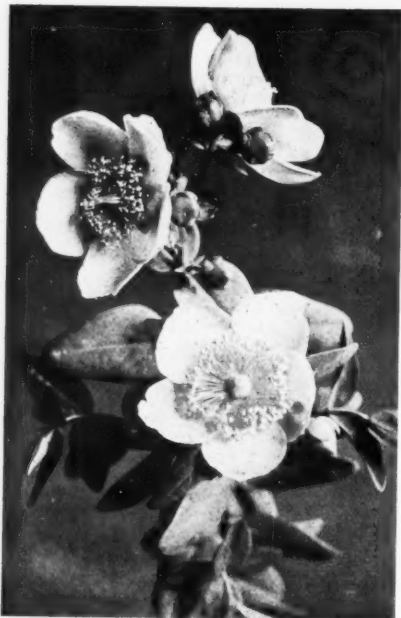
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In one of your issues a few weeks ago you or some of your correspondents were advocating the provision of open-air swimming baths in our villages. We have such a bath here, and I enclose three photographs of

A FLOWER THAT LIKES SHADE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The rose of Sharon or hypericum is one of the few flowering plants that will thrive under the shade of trees. It will make a dense crop of greenery over the ground right up to the tree trunks. In recent years a number of new shrubby hypericums have been introduced, one of the very best being *H. patulum* Henryi, named after Professor Henry, who introduced it into this country from China. It is an excellent subject for English gardens, being perfectly hardy and flowering well in half shady places. The flowers are bright yellow, three or four inches across. The first flowers in my garden opened in July, and the plants have only just finished blossoming after being beautifully in flower for quite ten weeks. One of the charms of the shrubby hypericums is that they flower when comparatively few shrubs



A NEW ROSE OF SHARON.

are in bloom. In order to increase these plants cuttings should be taken now and dibbled into pots of sandy soil in gentle heat.—H. C.

A SUBURBAN SQUIRREL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There were some very charming photographs of the chipmunk or ground squirrel of North America in last week's COUNTRY LIFE. If you are not tired of squirrels, perhaps you would like these two photographs of a little friend of mine, an American grey squirrel (*Sciurus cinereus*). The American grey squirrel has of late become increasingly numerous in the London suburbs. It has been seen at Highgate, Clapham Park, Wimbledon and many other places, but it is, perhaps, most abundant

in Regent's Park and Kensington Gardens. The accompanying photographs were taken in the last named locality. As one goes to business in the early morning, when few people are abroad, the grey squirrel may generally be seen on the ground searching for breakfast. All is



WILD DUCK AND THEIR FRIEND.

quiet, until someone comes along taking his dog for a morning "run," when the squirrel, ever on the watch for such an enemy, makes for a tree. It is very amusing to watch a mastiff or great Dane dash at the squirrel, and to witness the dog's comical signs of disappointment as the victim mounts the branches. Some of the squirrels are very tame, although they have been known to give a child a nasty bite. Tempted by some choice morsel, preferably a portion of a nut—if too large a piece is offered it is carried away at once—the squirrel will come down from the tree and take it from one's outstretched hand. Others will quite fearlessly climb up the legs of their benefactor, or run along his back and shoulders. When the morsel is small the animal seldom runs off with it, but begins to eat it quite confidently. In autumn, the squirrel's behaviour is different, for it instinctively begins to scratch the ground and bury the food, afterwards coming back for more.—JESSE PACKHAM.

A FAMILY OF STOATS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In reference to the interesting note hereon in your issue of the 4th, some years since I surprised a mother with, I think, five youngsters, about half grown, crossing a lane in Devonshire. As your correspondent remarked, the youngsters completely lost their heads and three of them retreated into a deep depression made in the clay by a horse's hoof, where they fought and chattered, and I killed all three with one blow of my stick. The mother retreated into the opposite hedge, whence she looked on and used bad language at me, but she did not risk her own life.—E. A. R.

WILD DUCKS THAT ARE TAME.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending you a photograph that I hope you may care to publish. Most readers of COUNTRY LIFE probably think of wild

duck purely from the sporting point of view. This photograph shows that they are sometimes not so wild as they are painted.—B.

OLD WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The proposal to standardise weights and measures in country places is by no means a bad one, for it is at present quite out of the question to say what is really a peck or a bushel, at any rate by weight, and the old round, straight-sided measures are quite out of date. Before and after the wooden round measures made of bent ash, elm or oak were in constant use in capacity statements in place of standard weights, none could tell exactly what a or bushel really held, and so had to make peck the best of what was measured out. A man went to a farmhouse for a strike of wheat, oats, barley or beans. The strike measure was set down by the side of or on a heap of grain in the granary, the measure was filled with a wooden shovel brimful; it was then stroked across with a "strickle," or, as some called the straight-edge, "a strike," and thus the buyer got his strike of corn. It was the same with all the rest of the measures downward from strike to quartern—all had to be stroked with the "strickle," and everyone had to be content. Potatoes, apples and damsons were measured out by the peck, or strike; and the count, when in long numbers, was kept by dots with chalk on a wall, or by nicks on the edge of a tally-stick. It was a cumbersome job to fill a score of sacks or a wagon in this way, and in case of loss in count all had to be done over again, or it would be the seller's loss.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.



THIS SEEMS A NICE PLACE.



THEY DO YOU VERY WELL HERE.

THE ESTATE MARKET

GREAT SALES OF LAND

THE market has taken the course indicated in these columns, and, disregarding as far as possible the "marching and counter-marching" of the controversialists on the coal question, vendors and purchasers have pressed on with business. It has hardly been "business as usual," an unprecedented volume of property having been dealt with having regard to all the circumstances. Auctions have been cancelled, not from fear of interruption by so-called "labour" disputes, but because of the private sale of the properties in advance of the advertised dates. In addition to this, purchases by tenants have very materially shortened the proceedings at many of the auctions which have been held. In one instance, Hylands, Essex, the whole of the property offered has been secured with a view to its being parcelled out among the tenants.

Kentish land belonging to All Souls College has been selling readily, both under the hammer of Messrs. Cobb in the Rochester district, and privately through Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. Gloucestershire realisations have again been on a large scale, the vendors including the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and certain charitable trusts. Those who have sold during the present week include the Duke of Northumberland, who placed several thousands of acres, a few miles from Alnwick, in the market locally.

The re-sale of the Witley Court land is in progress, the mansion and park and certain other portions of the estate being withheld for submission at a second auction. The important series of sales of the Kemeys Tynte property began this week, and Lord Wharton has already sold £60,000 worth of his Cefn Mably estate to the tenants.

LORD BLYTH'S STANSTED ESTATE.

BLYTHWOOD, Stansted, the Essex and Herts estate, famous for its herd of Jersey cattle, is in the market, Lord Blyth having instructed Messrs. Sworder and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, to offer the same by auction in October, if not previously disposed of by private contract. Included are the residence, Blythwood, with the marble dairy and the Blythwood stud and herd farm with accommodation for more than a hundred horses, the home of the famous herd of Jerseys.

FATTING MARSHES.

FROM all parts of the country reports are to the effect that the price of grazing land is rising, and the competition for it is so keen that an appreciable proportion of what is announced for auction never reaches the rostrum, being bought beforehand by discerning tenants and others. This being the condition of affairs generally, it can be imagined that no ordinary degree of interest has been manifested in the auction, arranged for next Monday at Bridgwater, of the Pawlett Hams. The land known under that designation is admittedly the richest pasture in England, and 1,450 acres, letting at £11,000 a year, are for sale on Monday, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The firm has privately sold 1,035 acres in Romney Marsh for £21,325, to the tenants, before auction, acting on behalf of the Warden and Fellows of All Souls College, Oxford.

Sir Frederick G. Dunbar has decided to dispose of Boath, adjoining the town of Nairn, and has instructed Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to offer the property by auction at an early date. The estate extends to 1,000 acres and has a rent roll of £1090, per annum. It includes the mansion of Boath and four farms.

PEPLOW HALL, SALOP.

PEPLOW HALL, Salop, which was rebuilt 200 years ago and enlarged in 1887, is for sale, with 1,540 acres, for Sir Beville Stanier, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The River Tern broadens into a lake in the grounds of Peplow Hall. Old Hill House, Chislehurst, has been sold by the firm in advance of the auction.

A total of just over £95,000 has been obtained for outlying lands of Sir Gerald

Mildmay's Hants estate of Dogmersfield, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley having sold all but twelve lots either privately or under the hammer.

Brandon Park, near Thetford, 2,613 acres, successively owned by Baron Barretto, Lord Queenborough and Sir John Aird, will be sold at Hanover Square on October 6th.

ST. RADEGUND'S ABBEY, DOVER.

ST. RADEGUND'S ABBEY estate, Dover, which Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley are selling next Tuesday, for Mr. Arthur Sayer, is one of the oldest ecclesiastical settlements in Kent, and the history of its lay ownership from the suppression of the monasteries to the present day is preserved. The existing buildings date from its foundation in 1191, and the house is a sixteenth century adaptation of the old refectory. Ruskin mentions how he "used up a B.B.B. pencil" in drawing the ivied ruins. The property consists of 330 acres of agricultural land, with house, buildings, cottages and mineral rights, an important point, as coal is raised within a few miles of the Abbey.

QUENBY AND CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE.

ALTHOUGH Quenby Hall has not yet changed hands, over £40,000 worth of the land has been disposed of, much of it to the tenants. Craig-y-Nos Castle was withdrawn when bidding had reached £25,000.

LANCASHIRE LAND SALE.

SOME of the lots on the Marquis de Casteja's Scarisbrick Hall estate of 12,500 acres, just sold by Messrs. Lane, Saville and Co., have fetched over £100 an acre, the tenants being anxious to retain their holdings. The estate, which begins at Ormskirk, extends to the outskirts of Southport, running as far as Burscough Bridge. The whole estate is farmed on a high standard of intensive culture, and potatoes and other market garden produce are the chief products. It is intersected by the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, and railway sidings are on the property which has for generations been in the ownership of the family of the Marquis de Casteja, from whom it now passes. There are between 250 and 300 farms.

HORSLEY TOWERS AGAIN FOR SALE.

MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH, whose purchase of the Horsley Towers estate, Surrey, from Lord Lovelace was announced in COUNTRY LIFE of August 9th, 1919, has instructed Messrs. Trollope to offer the estate for sale next month. It may be recalled that Mr. E. Neild Shackle (Messrs. Trollope) acted for Mr. Sopwith at the auction held at Hanover Square by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and that Sir Howard Frank put up the lot and knocked it down for £150,000 within four minutes. Since he bought Horsley Towers Mr. Sopwith has laid out a large sum on the improvement of the mansion, which is now for sale, with practically the whole village of East Horsley, some small residences and 2,000 acres. A few weeks ago Messrs. Trollope sold some outlying land on the estate for, roundly, £30,000.

VICE-ADMIRAL JOHNSTONE'S HOUSE.

MESSRS. DIBBLIN AND SMITH have sold, before auction, Vice-Admiral Johnstone's residence at Camberley known as Graitney, with gardens and grounds extending to 12½ acres. The firm has also been instructed to submit by auction in October Lady Colvin's Tudor House Langley, together with the estate in the parishes of Rogate and Trotton, Sussex, and Liss, Hampshire. The original house was built in 1587, and it has been most carefully added to since. It is one of the characteristic medium-sized Tudor houses in Sussex.

THE SLOPES OF SCAWFELL.

TWO of the heights on the Wasdale Hall estate, a property now for sale, are Great Gable and Great End, both almost 3,000ft. in altitude. There are also the slopes of Scawfell Pike, with Napes Needle, Kern Knotts, and Sty Head Pass. The farms at the head of Wastwater include Sty Head Tarn and Sprinkling Tarn, and Seathwaite Farm is proud in the possession of the Borrow-

dale Yews. The house, on the banks of Wastwater, commands some of the finest scenery in the western part of the Lake District. It is a very fair sporting estate, though there has been but little shooting over it in the last few years. Its area is 5,492 acres, and the auction is fixed for next Thursday, at Whitehaven.

Keldwith, another Lakeland estate, on Windermere, evoked sharp competition at Winchester House, under the hammer of Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor, and changed hands for £17,000. It is a well designed modern house, in a small park and woodlands which extend down to the edge of the lake, and a peculiarity of Keldwith is that it enjoys not only the wide expanse of Windermere, but a lake within its own borders. It is thus, in a special sense, a lake property.

WIGMORE CASTLE FOR SALE.

ON the western side of the village of Wigmore, ten miles north of Leominster, are the ruins of the castle which Ranulph de Mortimer, who came over with the Norman invaders in 1066, wrested from Edric, Earl of Shrewsbury, in order to make it his own principal seat. His son, Hugh, founded an Augustinian abbey about a mile from the castle, and endowed it so lavishly that at the time of the Dissolution its revenue exceeded the then princely sum of £300 a year. The Mortimers set up a nunnery in the same parish. The castle is part of Brampton Bryan estate, outlying sections of which, including the ruins and the Castle Inn, named after them, are to be sold, at Leominster next week, by Messrs. Edwards, Russell and Baldwin.

ECCLESIASTICAL COMMISSIONERS' SALES.

A TOTAL realisation of about £70,000, reported in the latest statement of sales by Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co., includes Churcham Court and 453 acres near Gloucester, and 110 acres of pasture at Ashleworth, on behalf of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and properties, in Gloucester, for the trustees of the Gloucester charities.

Approximately 216 acres of the glebe land of the parish of Bray has been sold by Messrs. Buckland and Sons, at Windsor, for £6,000.

On behalf of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, the Raglan estate, of 3,200 acres, is to be submitted, at Monmouth on October 1st, by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard. There are seventeen farms, a couple of hotels, and other lots, within five or six miles of Monmouth, Pontypool and Abergavenny.

DORSET SALES FOR £80,000.

WINTERBOURNE HOUGHTON, 1,832 acres, and 2,400 acres of the outlying portions of the Whatcombe estate, have come under the hammer of Messrs. Simmons and Sons. The total realisations were over £80,000. Mr. Mark Jeans secured Winterbourne Houghton, in its entirety, for £20,000. Farms were sold for £5,000 (303 acres) and £10,000 (507 acres).

MISCELLANEOUS PROPERTIES.

THE freehold residential property, Danhurst Orde, 50 acres, and East Cottage, Itchen Abbas, are among the private treaty transactions of Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker.

A fifteenth century black and white house at Blakeney, Gloucestershire, an Elizabethan farmhouse, Waterside, Liphook, and a sixteenth century black and white farmhouse in Kent, all containing old oak, are offered by Messrs. Norfolk and Prior, who have also Georgian houses in Devon and the Weald of Kent.

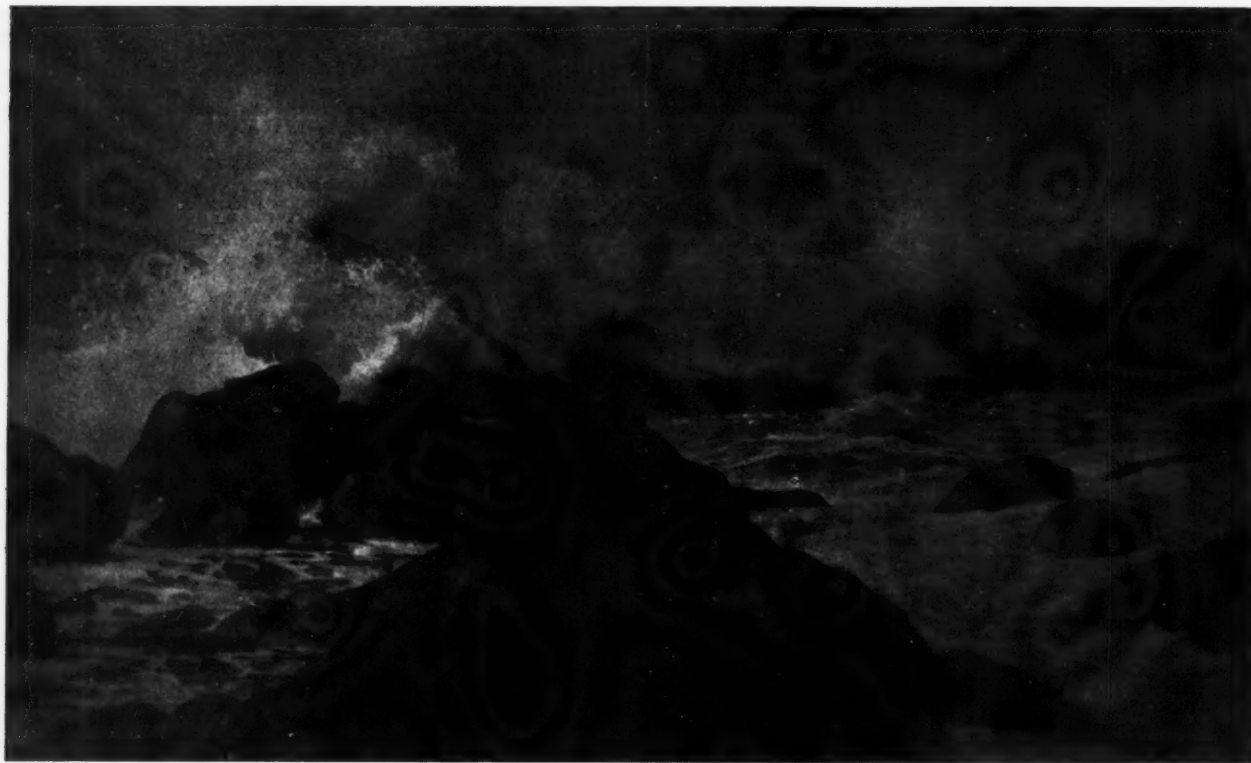
Lord Howard of Glossop is about to dispose of Derbyshire and Cheshire property to the extent of nearly four square miles.

Timsbury Manor (Romsey) sale, by Messrs. Woolley and Wallis, who sold all but two lots, realised £26,700.

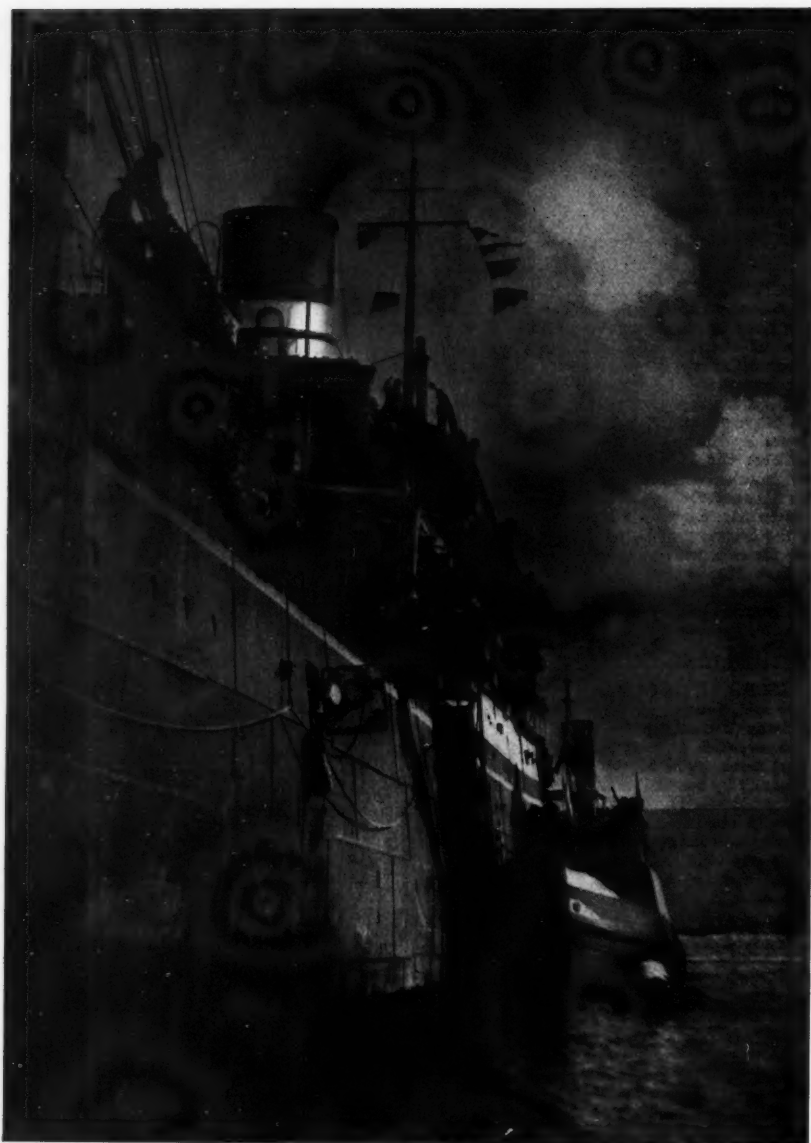
A Radlett residence, Noggarth, with two acres, which was to have been submitted next Monday, has been sold for £5,000 by Messrs. Cuthbert Lake and Sutton. This is one of the many suburban houses for which the demand continues to be very satisfactory.

ARBITER.

LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY



AN AUTUMN GALE, BY F. J. MORTIMER.



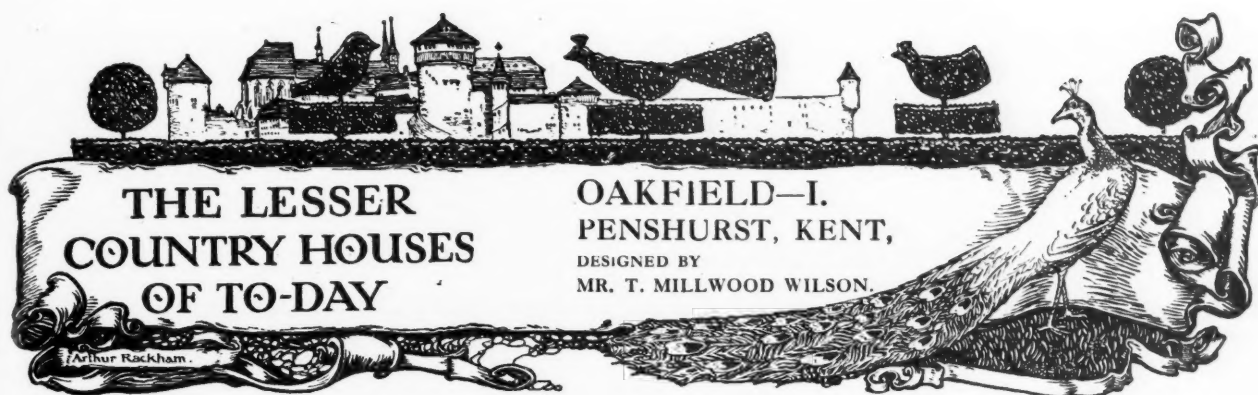
RETURN OF THE AUSTRALIAN LIGHT HORSE, BY MRS. ALFRED G. MILSON.

THERE are certain directions in which the photographer and the painter may compete with each other upon equal ground. The artist in each strives to express by means of selection the meaning of certain forms and images. The minds of each react in the same way to those impressions of nature which are most sympathetic. Both have their equipment: one the palette, the other the lens; but there is the difference between the two: the brush is plastic, the camera mechanical. In drawing a head the painter may define the character of his model by the all unnoticed exaggeration of some feature, some trait, while the camera is in the end bound to observe the restrictions of Truth. But in a building, a dockyard, a ship, or the sea itself, the spirit of each may be caught and imprisoned by the cunning of painter and photographer alike.

Harold Moore's "Domine Dirige Nos" and "Gossips," or Charles Job's "View from Bank side" seize admirably the feeling of London. Still more real and poignant are the many photographs of the sea, or the quiet lines of some massive ship, as in Mrs. Alfred G. Milson's "Return of the Australian Light Horse." John H. Anderson's "Morning," and F. J. Mortimer's "An Autumn Gale," arouse a genuine and even wondering appreciation.

But as the kinema loses in comparison with the stage, since it is voiceless, so the camera also is sometimes inarticulate beside the painter's brush, however exact it may be, however convincing, and although the artistry of each may be in every case the same and their skill equally great. Photography is often like a death-mask or a cased butterfly—a thing of beauty robbed of life—inanimate and pale. The painter paints what is; he also paints what is not.

The Photographic Salon has enormous interest, and there are few photographs in it which are not remarkable. Were selection and execution the only ingredients in a picture, the photographer would over and again excel the painter with ease. By suppression, toning, and delicate printing he can even now often do justice to his ambition. And he will do more when his mechanical device becomes more responsive, giving still greater latitude to the expression of the true artist. R. L.



THERE is a topical as well as an architectural interest in the house now illustrated, inasmuch as it is the country home of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, who is about to succeed Lord Derby as British Ambassador in Paris. The building is not wholly a new one, because it embodies a house which was erected on the site in the eighties, but this kernel has been so surrounded by additions carried out some years ago to the design of Mr. T. Millwood Wilson that the exterior constitutes virtually a new work. The various additions and alterations to the earlier house were made in the days before the war for a client who placed no restrictions on his architect in the matter of cost, his sole idea being to have everything carried out in the very best possible way. This is evidenced not only in the house itself, but also in its gardens, on the lay-out of which — more especially the making of the terraced lawns above the house — many thousands of pounds were spent. Lord Hardinge himself has so far done nothing to the building, but under his direction the terrace on the south-east side of the house, which



Copyright.

ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

commands a magnificent view over the Kent countryside, has been finished with a balustrade, and a flight of stone steps leading to the upper garden has been built. Such steps formed part of the architect's original scheme, and the lack of them was made very painfully evident to Lord Hardinge when, having to walk up the grass slope to the upper garden, he slipped and broke his leg. Under the new owner also a great clearance of shrubs around the house has been effected, and this opening up of the gardens has produced a considerable improvement for the growth of the remaining vegetation, as well as freeing the house from all appearance of being smothered by its surroundings.

The views now reproduced show the exterior of the house and its principal garden features, the planning and interior of the house being apportioned to a second article which will be published in another issue of COUNTRY LIFE.

Turning to the exterior, it may be noted that practically the only visible portion of the old house is that which forms the wing on the entrance side (seen to the right in the upper photograph reproduced on this page); and also



Copyright.

GARDEN FRONT FROM THE SOUTH-EAST

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. TWO VIEWS OF THE ROSE AND WATER GARDEN. "COUNTRY LIFE."

belonging to the old house are the two groups of chimneystacks, some of them moulded and cut in the manner of Tudor examples. But of far greater interest is the new twin stack on the north side of the house, with its successive splayed stages and combination of brick with stonework, the stacks themselves being diagonal in plan and finished with corbelled tops.

The new work follows the traditional lines of Kent domestic architecture, many delightful examples of which are to be seen in and around Penshurst. The half-timber work, of oak, is used constructionally, instead of being a sham veneer fixed to a brick backing in the packing-case manner of the pre-war speculative builder, and the stone which is incorporated with it is local stone of a most delightful colour—a yellowish stone with ferrous deposits in it that add patches and streaks of reddish brown. This, with the whitewashed face of the plaster and the grey of the oak (which was treated with lime when put into place, and then left alone), produces a very pleasant colour combination, the effect of which is heightened on the terrace side by a magnificent copper beech that here flourishes. The old house was roofed with blue slates, but these have all been stripped off and hand-made Kent tiles substituted for them. For the window frames oak only has been used, in conjunction with leaded lights.

The upper gardens comprise tennis and croquet lawns at two distinct levels, with walks around. Directly below the house is a rock garden, and next to this is a rose and water garden, this latter being laid out in a formal manner and enclosed by a cut yew hedge.

On the opposite side of the grounds is an extensive kitchen garden, while above it and opening off the entrance drive are the stables, garage, engine house, etc., grouped within an



Copyright. A VIEW FROM THE ROSE GARDEN.



GABLE AND STEPS ON SOUTH SIDE. "C.L."

L-shaped plan round a paved court. Facing this building, on the other side of the drive, is a lodge, which is not only pleasing in appearance, but gives reasonable accommodation for its occupants. In this connection one may note how lodges

have been treated too frequently as little architectural boxes designed not so much (one would suppose) as houses in which people have to live, but rather as amusing Lilliputian sentinels at the entrance to the drive.

R. R. P.

NEXT WEEK AT NEWMARKET

MORE YEARLINGS TO BE SOLD

NO sooner are the Doncaster yearling sales disposed of than breeders and buyers are asked to concentrate on another series at Newmarket, to be conducted by Messrs. Tattersall on the four days of the First October Meeting at headquarters. That they are wanted cannot be doubted. The huge prices at Doncaster and the keenness of competition for even moderate lots showed that the wants of buyers were nothing like satisfied. They were still not satisfied when the last lot had been sold at Doncaster, and an immense aggregate had been established, representing a record that most people believe will never be beaten.

There is sure to be much animation about next week's sales—always supposing Mr. Smillie and his friends allow them to take place. The ugly threat of a miner's strike may have been removed by the time these notes are in the reader's possession, but at the time of writing the position is far more serious than merely disquieting. The yearling sales about which I have been writing are threatened; so also is all racing during the period of upheaval. It is impossible, therefore, to write in a detached way of sales and racing to come except in the sense that every racing man and breeder of bloodstock is something of an optimist. I am no exception and, because I think we are not in for the worst, I am going to plunge into my subject as if the world and the funny people in it were still fairly normal.

National Stud yearlings appear to be sold in two batches. The first were disposed of at the July sales at Newmarket, and some big prices were paid. Next week half-a-dozen more are due in the ring, four of them being fillies. There is a bay Spearmint colt from Burnt Almond, the dam of a good winner this season in Nutcracker, and one can imagine that four figures will have to be paid for the bay colt by Sunstar from Osca Marah, dam of two winners. Most attractive of the fillies may be a chestnut filly by White Eagle from Flaming Vixen, whose daughter Flash of Steel, was quite smart in the spring.

Mention of the National Stud is a reminder that at the time it was acquired at a valuation by the Government, they also took over Lord Wavertree's training establishment at Russley. That was early in the war and at first the Board of Agriculture were perplexed as to what to do with their new possession. Then the Director of Remounts secured it as a remount dépôt for chargers and cobs, with Lady Birkbeck in charge and a personnel made up entirely of lady grooms. So it remained until some time after the armistice and now I learn that it has been leased to Mr. James White, who has the neighbouring estate at Foxhill, where also are his horses in training and stallions, mares, and young stock. Evidently it is Mr. White's idea, at present, to use the place as an overflow establishment. The Downs, of course, are second to none as ideal training gallops for race-horses. In taking over Russley in the first instance we may assume that the Board of Agriculture had in mind, using it at an early date, in some scheme of national horse breeding. The war came to postpone that, and I suppose now there is no money available for the purpose. Hence, therefore, the decision to let on lease and accept a rent rather than let it be a charge on the national exchequer!

Some of the most attractive yearlings to be sold next week are those offered by Captain Harry Whitworth, M.F.H. It is to be noted that out of thirteen yearlings sold by him during the last three years, nine have won, three have yet to run, and another has been placed no fewer than nine times. They include He Goes (winner of the Irish Derby), Iron Hand (winner of the Ebor Handicap), and African Star (winner of the Liverpool and Brighton Cups). He is offering five now, two being by Sunstar and one each by Lomond, Louvois (a coming sire), and Captivation (sire of the season's best two year old in Ireland). The Sunstar's are from dams of winners, and Iron Hand is by Captivation from the dam of Iron Hand and He Goes. They are sure to make a good bit of money. Here let me note that Louvois will be remembered as the horse that won the Two Thousand Guineas for Mr. Walter Raphael. He was taken over for the stud in Ireland by the Irish breeder, Mr. J. J. Maher,

who bred Caligula, and after doing well for two or three seasons he suddenly developed an extraordinary hemorrhage from the mouth and nostrils. The cause could not be ascertained. The horse would just bleed copiously every night, and so forlorn did his case become that Mr. Maher actually gave him away to Mr. Griffiths, who has the horse now, apparently in perfect health. Moreover, his stock are winning good races—Harpsichord and Bucksie, two smart two year olds in Ireland are by him, as is La Voiture, one of the smartest fillies in England—and his value at the moment is quite considerable. Yearlings by him sold well at Doncaster and I hear of one or two youngsters by him still to come out in the form expected of them.

Some of Hurry On's first progeny are to be offered next week, and it will be most interesting to watch the progress as a sire of this big chestnut horse that was never beaten in Sir James Buchanan's colours. The Hamilton Stud, Newmarket, offer two, Mr. W. Murland offers one, and Mr. L. Neumann has a Hurry On colt to dispose of. Mr. C. T. Pulley, M.P., has entered no fewer than fourteen to be sold, chiefly by Cellini and Poor Boy, though there are others by Radium, Fariman, Cannobie (recently sold by the Duke of Portland to France), Amadis and Royal Realm (one of the National Stud sires). Anything by Bachelor's Double sells well, as we were reminded at Doncaster, and I notice several lots by this very successful Irish sire, one in particular offered by Mr. A. J. McNamara from the dam of Dromio. I expect Sir George Murray will get a lot of money for his chestnut colt by the defunct Corcyra from Gowra, the dam of that very speedy three year old, Orby's Pride. Son-in-Law's and White Magic's chiefly comprise the lot from Mr. Donald Fraser's Pickford Park Stud, but other sires are also represented in what should be a good draft.

Three more Sledmere yearlings are to come up. Minor accidents kept them out of the contingent that made such sensational prices at Doncaster. I have no doubt at all that top price will be made for the bay filly by Corcyra from Ste. Claire II (dam of Clear Trace). I, personally, would not mind getting her for 3,000 guineas, for I would be certain of re-selling at a handsome profit. There is a chestnut filly by Roi Herode from Summer Girl, and a bay colt by Radium from a mare by Spearmint from Startling that never raced owing to an accident. The Duke of Portland is selling five owing to a reduction in the Welbeck Stud, and it is certainly worth mentioning that the only yearling by The Tetrarch in the catalogue is one offered by Lord Wilton—a chestnut colt by that famous horse from Golden Sauce, the dam of Louviers d'Or, which was a useful horse. It is odd how the Tetrarch's few foals in 1919 were chiefly chestnuts, when at the outset of his stud career he got comparatively few of that colour. Mr. Russell Swanwick, whose colt Arezzo won a race at Windsor a week ago on the disqualification of Mr. Bower Ismay's Oxendon, is offering four on Thursday next, and it is pointed out with obvious pride that yearlings bred at his stud have, since 1890, won over £81,000 at home and over £11,000 abroad. His present yearlings are by Sir Eager, Black Jester, Sunstar, and King of Navarre respectively. Among other vendors are Mrs. Arthur James, Mr. Ernest Tanner and Mr. D. O'M. Leahy, whose choice lot of four include one by Polymelus and one by Charles O'Malley.

The Newbury Autumn Cup race is due to be decided on Friday, September 24th. There can only be a small field, as there was such a poor acceptance for the handsome prize of £1,750. The truth is that this race is overshadowed by the Cesarewitch. The distance is almost the same, but success in it means a big penalty for the Newmarket race. Donoghue is to ride Mount Royal and I expect that horse to win for Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen. Mr. J. B. Joel's colt Thunderer is not likely to run for the Autumn Foal Stakes, as he has incurred full penalties, while others get both breeding and maiden allowances. One of the "others," therefore should win and I name Sir James Buchanan's promising colt Gask, or Lord Carnarvon's Franklin. I prefer Gask at this distance, six furlongs. Fancy Man ought to win the Lambourne Welter Handicap to justify his favouritism for the Cesarewitch. I think he will do so.

PHILIPPOS.

THE HARVEST IN PERSIA

By R. GORBOLD.



THRESHING IN PERSIA.

PERSIA is an agricultural country, and there is evidence that in the days gone by it was one of the great grain-producing lands of the world. Centuries of corruption and misrule have so killed all industry and enterprise that the farmer now only grows grain for his own personal needs and that of his immediate surroundings, but, even so it is still the most important occupation of the peasant. It could not be dignified by being called an industry, for there is nothing so distasteful to the happy-go-lucky Persian as work. At one time the Persians were the aristocrats of Asia, but the only aristocratic characteristic left is the idleness that at one time was thought to be the mark of nobility.

The traveller in Persia should not look for anything modern. If he does, he will be disappointed, unless he calls Bolshevism modern. If he has an artistic eye he will find in the harvest field pictures that will take him back 2,000 years, giving the stories of the parables a new meaning for him, for in Persia agricultural operations

are carried on now just as the Galilean crowd of those days used to see them being done.

I have been fortunate enough to be in Persia during two harvest seasons, which come about July, and to my mind there are few more beautiful spots in any land than the valley of Kirmanshah "when the fields are white unto harvest." On one side of the valley there are great rolling hills of green grass where the shepherds, clad in sheepskins, are tending their flocks as David did of old and practising throwing stones with the sling as he often must have. On the other side of the valley there are precipitous mountains of rock rising to 11,000ft. in height, looking blue in the clear atmosphere, each needle of rock standing out sharply, and the winter snow still resting in some of the deeper ravines, and in the centre of the valley Kirmanshah, like all Eastern cities, very beautiful when viewed from a distance, surrounded by waving fields of ripe corn. It is a scene of wonderful peacefulness in a land that is notoriously wild and unsettled. A few years ago the farmer was afraid to till his land, not knowing what harvest he might reap; but now he feels more secure, for the British influence



SEPARATING GRAIN FROM CHAFF.



THE CHAFF WHICH THE WIND DRIVETH AWAY.

has already made a difference, and the increase in the amount of corn grown between 1918 and 1919 was very marked.

The reaper goes into the field armed only with a sickle, a method of gathering the harvest that in that land seems as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is a slow job to reap a field in this way; but what does he care?—for there is always to-morrow! He leaves the corn on the ground knowing that it will not rain next day, or even next week, and he can gather it at his leisure. The binding is done by hand, and then the sheaves are piled on the back of a donkey till they completely hide the animal, and as he moves off to the farmyard one might almost think a stack was moving along by some mysterious means.

The gleaners find plenty of grain left on the ground, but in their own lazy way they garner it very thoroughly, and the most elaborate mechanical device could not strip the field so clean. Children do most of this work and are



A PERSIAN FARMYARD.

driver is usually asleep. There is no elaborate method of sorting the corn from the chaff. When the wind blows, and it nearly always does at some period of the day down these valleys, two men armed with rakes throw the mixture into the air, the heavy corn falls to the ground, and the chaff is driven away, but collects in a heap some distance off, for the wind is fairly constant and little of the light stuff is blown right away. After sorting in this way there will be two piles left, one of grain almost at the feet of the workers and the other of chaff a few yards away. When the end of the pile is almost reached one man will take a small quantity of the mixture on the end of his rake and, holding it high above his head, let it slowly fall to the ground. There are few actions that I have seen that are more truly suggestive. The pile of corn is naturally mixed with a lot of dirt and dust, and the valuable grain has to be separated from the worthless dust by means of a fine sieve.

The methods of grinding are very primitive. A stone revolves on the end of a tree trunk that is pivoted in the centre of a circular trough, and is pulled round by a horse or ox that

is harnessed to the other end of the beam. When running water is available water-mills are used. These are certainly a



THE OX WHICH TREADETH OUT THE CORN.

very happy over it. Work is not a serious matter in Persia, and the labourer has time to enjoy it, for even though he be in rags, he is a jovial fellow. In the West by artificial means we have advanced in comfort and we have "speeded up" life, but it is a very open question if we have become more happy in the process.

In the farmyard the corn that has been brought in is dealt with on the spot. The oxen unmuzzled tread out the corn, but the possibility of satisfying their natural desire seems slight, for the man in charge of them keeps them on the move by either twisting their tails or poking them with a goad. They are tethered to a stake and go round and round in a circle till all the corn is trodden out.

The only piece of machinery that is used is for winnowing, and that is as crude as can be. Two axles of wood with sharp sticks driven in revolve in a framework of wood that is dragged along by two oxen. They move slowly round and round in a circle as men throw the corn in front of them with picturesque rakes. The



CARRYING THE HARVEST HOME.



A GLEANER.

of being wears a very kilted frock coat that is delightfully ragged and out at elbow. A respectable English farm labourer would regard such rags with positive horror, but his Persian brother has no such qualms. Unconcerned and happy he goes on his way, and his general appearance is quite in keeping with the customs and the spirit of the country. It is this happy-go-lucky, free-from-care atmosphere that appeals to the Westerner, and if he is only in search of the picturesque and the romantic, what does it matter that the peasant, in whose appearance and light-hearted, go-as-you-please attitude to life it is so well emphasised, does not wash?

The day may come, and that not such a very far distant one, when modern methods will be introduced and the land yield an hundredfold, but machinery will destroy the picturesqueness of labour. Then those of us who have wandered through Persia in the old days may possibly regret that another of the old-world countries of the East has changed, and that with it the sower and the reaper and the ox that treads out the corn have passed away.



A FARM LABOURER.

big advance, and one might class them among the most modern things in Persia.

I have not described the farm labourer, for he almost baffles description. His dress is anything he can lay hands on. In such a climate he needs little to keep him warm, for during harvest the skies are always blue. He wears a shirt, or the remains of one, and a pair of baggy trousers. Both are usually light blue in colour, and he is never without the black saucepan-shaped felt hat.

A superior sort

THE END OF THE LAWN TENNIS SEASON.

THE wood I touched when, a fortnight ago, I wrote "a wet Eastbourne is almost unthinkable" must have been a cheap American imitation variety, at any rate, so far as its reliability as a specific against the maleficence of Fate was concerned. No wetter Eastbourne Tournament has ever been known in the thirty-two years' history of the meeting. After the first two days the rain descended daily and nightly, until, when on Saturday the finals should have been in progress, the outside courts were mud-swamps, the gallery courts were a lake, and the four "hard" courts, specially intended to provide a means of getting important matches played in bad weather, were so deep under water that it was rumoured that they constituted the finishing-line for the Eastbourne Regatta, also in progress. It was hard luck; but, after all, as someone remarked, what can you expect of a tournament which has thirteen hundred matches on its programme and starts on the thirteenth of the month? Hythe was scarcely more fortunate, but managed to get its Open Singles completed, with victories for J. C. Parke and Miss K. McKane respectively, all the other events being divided. The Eastbourne finals were all postponed until Monday as soon as it became evident that any chance of play on Saturday was out of the question.

Perhaps it was the most fitting end to a season that will long be remembered as one of the vilest on record in the matter of weather. If I were a statistics fiend I should make it my business to find out from the manufacturers of lawn tennis requisites whether their sale of rackets this year has been treble, or quadruple, that of a normal year. One player at Eastbourne showed me, ruefully and reproachfully, the remains of what he alleged to be his seventeenth new one since the season began! If the authenticity of his statement is admissible, he must have spent over fifty pounds on rackets alone during the so-called summer. Yet there are still people about, I believe, who roundly declare that those who play in lawn tennis tournaments only do so for what they can make out of it!

But tournament players are, after all, only a very small minority of the total number of those to whom lawn tennis has become the game of games. To that huge army, also, this season must have been one to damp their new-found enthusiasm. Yet, just as to the novice in golf no weather is too unpropitious to get out on to the links and endeavour to reduce his previous record of 119 for the round, so even a succession of wet days, or even weeks, this year will, I am sure, only fill those once bitten with the game with a resolve to be optimistic about 1921, when the skies will be perpetually blue and the green grass will grow all round. There's nothing like the pleasures of hope, after all.

Even the dismalness of realisation scarcely detracts from them; and those who do not possess a hard court can generally find a brick wall to practise against, invaluable for developing quickness of eye and good footwork, and for strengthening that weakness on the back-hand that most beginners soon discover to be their most vulnerable point. A quarter of an hour daily at the brick wall will do them more good than poring for hours over instructional books on stroke production.

I wish I could say with any approach to truth that the season just finished has given us any occasion to rejoice over the appearance of new English talent at the game. Very few open singles at this season's tournaments have been won by English players at all; and those which do fall into this category have been carried off, for the most part, by men whose names have been familiar to tennis players for a long time past. As was the case last year, the South African players have carried off most of our county championship cups; in some instances (and one of those the most important of all) chief honours have gone to an American or to a Japanese player. Australasians have played little in England this year. A Californian lady has almost swept the board of all ladies' prizes except the chief, which went again to a Frenchwoman. But I do not mind this at all.

There are three good reasons for it. Our players develop slowly; they are still suffering from the effects of a five years' war; they are not taught to play when they are quite young, as the children of other countries are taught. The first of these reasons is a national characteristic, and not, on the whole, a bad one: slow development means longer continuance. The second will right itself in a few years. The third—the most important of all—is likely even sooner to be taken in hand now that the number of lawn tennis playing parents is so large, for they will insist on their boys and girls being taught to play at school. The anti-lawn tennis tradition is already being broken down. At Harrow the school games committee has recommended its adoption as a school game, and with this powerful example in high places it cannot be doubted that other schools will follow suit. Then we shall no longer be behind the rest of the world in the game we discovered and spread through the earth.

Well, good-bye to 1920, wild, wet and windy, and better luck next year.

F. R. BURROW.

PLANTING PHEASANT COVERTS FOR TIMBER

By MAX BAKER.

THE previous article, dealing with timber tree planting in special reference to the requirements of game, was concerned entirely with the ground plan of the woods. Ideal forestry divides the planting into 10-acre squares with, of course, such variations from a true rectangle as are imposed, first, by the existing natural boundaries and, second, by the character of the soil. Tree-planting is clearly wrong on land already producing a reasonable standard of crops or grass, and since many estates exhibit remarkable alternations of rich and poor soil, forest boundaries are, in a sense, dependent on geological formation. Woodland-planting should also take account of the wind-screening properties which will in due course be established. When the shooting utilities of a wood are also brought into account another element of consideration is introduced. The sundry areas which survive these several tests may aggregate but a small proportion of ordinary estates, but cost under the new conditions will, in any event, limit the scope of any programme which can be financed out of private funds.

Where shooting provides the sole immediate inducement to plant trees the 10-acre unit must clearly be abandoned. The ideal width of a modern pheasant covert, devised on the lines now under consideration, is 70yds. Its length is immaterial, since the direction of driving is from end to end. But if 210yds. is accepted as a reasonable length, and we remember that an acre is 70yds. square, a 3-acre unit is thus established. A 10-acre square has exactly 220yd. sides and therefore requires 880yds. of rabbit fencing. In other words, it is a square eighth of a mile, these exact figures resulting from the coincidence that there are 640 acres in a square mile. Three acres of wood of the shape named above would require 560yds. of boundary fencing. Small woods are thus costly for the initial protection, since 3 acres absorbs 187yds. per acre, and a square 10 acres but 88yds. per acre. A circular 10 acres, most economical of all, would absorb 78yds. of fencing per acre enclosed. Three-acre shooting coverts would thus be relatively costly in fencing. On the other hand, the very essential duties of maintenance and dealing with any rabbits which from time to time break in would be efficiently performed by the gamekeeping staff, and, therefore, would not involve any specific charge for upkeep.

On the estate which inspired the previous article the owner lays down absolutely that a perfectly canopied wood, destitute of undergrowth, is no good for pheasants. According to him, they must have bush shelter, but this shelter is not inconsistent with the presence of a canopy. He harmonises the absence of such shelter in strictly planted woods by saying that only the intended tree crop is planted and that therefore the possibilities of undergrowth are never tested. The corollary to this remark is that, provided trees of an undergrowth-forming character are planted at the same time as the timber trees, they survive the shade which later on envelops them. His predecessor, for instance, had planted a number of coniferous woods without making any provision for undergrowth, but at the time when the present owner came into possession no canopy had been formed. He was, in fact, just in time to add a due proportion of undergrowth trees, and these are now providing all the requisite shelter, notwithstanding the fact that a perfect canopy is in evidence.

Both for forestry and shooting reasons he is all in favour of mixed plantations. The planting is done in rows following a carefully planned order, the distance between tree and tree being 4½ft. If the mixture is tested by noting the trees forming the constituent squares, the following oft-repeated examples will be noted: (1) Scots fir, beech, spruce, beech. (2) Oak, larch, ash, larch. (3) Oak, privet, sweet chestnut, hazel. When the soft woods have run their course, say, in thirty years' time, they will be marketed, and a hard wood plantation, yielding considerable game food, will remain to complete the rotation. The underwood trees comprise privet, hazel and beech. These are buck-headed from time to time to ensure a bushy growth next the ground. The beech forms a partial exception, for only about half are so treated, those developing straight stems with well-defined leaders remaining to contribute to the hard wood crop. At the flushing end of a covert the trees are planted more densely than ordinarily, and they are heavily pruned. Many acres have naturally been planted to account for the half-million total of trees. They are in all stages of growth, varying from five to ten or twelve years, the younger plantations forming ideal nesting-ground, and all of them performing the duties of a pheasant covert from the driving point of view. This estate is, of course, peculiarly favoured by the presence of tree belts, which are utilised in the manner previously explained for producing high-flying birds even when the flushing woods are of immature growth.

Very great pains have been bestowed on providing the woods which have been planted with beautiful bordering shrubs. Privacy, beauty and partridge nesting sites compete about equally in explaining the care which has been lavished on the

borders. Laburnums, mountain ash and cherry are planted in profusion. Bramble is not encouraged, but *Rosa rugosa* has been introduced and is greatly favoured. It grows and spreads with astonishing freedom, is densely clothed with shiny leaves, and now carries a considerable crop of a tomato-like fruit, which is full of seeds and much appreciated by pheasants. The popular—in fact, universal—*berberis* is, of course, utilised to the full. Fire protection is not studied to any particular extent, since other considerations lead to the woods being isolated. Many of them are bordered with sheep walks, so that in case of a conflagration it would be a comparatively simple matter to run the plough right round any threatened wood. The proximity of a railway and losses occasioned thereby mean that the risk is fully appreciated.

Probably the greatest piece of individuality exhibited on the forestry side of this estate is comprised in the method of planting. As already stated, poorer land would be difficult to find, that is, the proportion of it which has never been cultivated and is at best shared between sheep and rabbits. Of the former there is but a slender proportion of the pre-war total, owing to recent inquiries. Some parts of the waste land contain a very hard stratum of chalk just below the surface and acting as a hard pan. Subsoil ploughing, of apparently a rare kind, has been applied to the whole of the ground scheduled for planting. The difference in effect between land so treated and areas planted by simple holing is very striking. The one goes ahead at an amazing pace, the whole of the original planting survives; whereas in the other trees of several years' growth need searching for amid the tangle of herbage. Moreover, a considerable proportion of them have suffered severely from frost, apparently one of the scourges of this particular district. The limited observations I was in a position to make led me to believe that it is not frost alone which kills the leader and other terminal buds, but frost following a heavy dew, a dew which first saturates the immature foliage and then freezes hard. A sloping field next a river had been affected up to the level which a dense mist might well have reached. Trees planted in subsoiled land were relatively immune, even those which had been killed down to the root throwing out suckers, one of which will form the future tree. Subsoiling also permits the application of an important protective measure, for rye can be sown broadcast upon the surface so broken. It rapidly grows up, tempering the heat of the sun as well as breaking some of the effect of the frost. The subsoil plough which has been used is of an unusually penetrating type. It breaks the soil some 2½ft. deep, also stirring the surface. Sturgeon Brothers of Stanton, Cambridge, possess the only one known to exist over a wide area, and it is in great demand, together with its attendant engines. On a pre-war basis of finance the cost of the treatment was forty-five shillings per acre (coal and water bringing the total to £3), but the net cost was much less, for it lowered the contract price of holing from 2s. 6d. to 1s. per 100 trees. On the basis of 2,700 trees per acre, it thus saved £2 on the planting.

Examples of planting without the aid of subsoil ploughing are to be found where woods felled during the war have been replanted. The stumps forbid the process, but so disheartening are the results of this attempted re-afforestation as to give pause to further efforts. Rock-hard ground and a jungle growth of voluptuous weeds between them produce stunted plants, which remain for a dangerously long period susceptible to attack by frost and stray rabbits. A desperate attempt at clearing the weeds was made in one small area. It was hand-hoed all over, but it needs doing again, and the trees are not thriving. Subsoiling by the aid of explosives appears to be called for, but experiments would be necessary to decide whether the cost would be prohibitive and to what extent the weeds would be affected. For fruit tree planting explosives are a proved success, but 2,700 holes per acre is seemingly out of the question, and a less number than the planting total might prove inadequate.

The general impression produced by my most instructive visit is to the effect that no more entrancing and nationally useful hobby exists than forestry. Wedded to game production and devised on lines which provide sport before the leaf has fallen, it produces an immediate yield. In these days, when beaters are so expensive, a number of small wood patches, such as have been described, can be made to provide the best of sport for a moderate outlay on helpers. Small woods of the character denoted can be established in contiguity to cultivated land and a valuable game harvest be so obtained from the unconsidered trifles which there abound in the form of insects, weeds and spilt seeds. Provided the lay-out of the coverts is properly related to other features in the landscape the best of shooting, such as will satisfy the most exacting critics, may be provided. Big bags, battues, etc., are a thing of the past. For the future the motto must be, fewer birds but well shown. Its due accomplishment is an art as well as a science. The medium of accomplishment is forestry.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

The Grenadier Guards in the Great War of 1914-1918, by Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Ponsonby, with an Introduction by Lieutenant-General the Earl of Cavan. Maps by Mr. Emery Walker. In three volumes. (Macmillan, £3 3s. net.)

THE writing of the story of a great regiment in a European campaign may be approached by one of two methods. It may be written as an epic or it may be written in the more concise form of a history of events and of facts. To the former method, a condition precedent is that of literary excellence; this granted, there follow undeniable attributes and advantages. It is the human method. It carries (always given the condition precedent) to the human heart and mind a presentation of what is, after all, a great human story, the grandeur of which lies in its human significance. The grandeur of war and the majesty of battles do not, it is obvious, lie in the fact of such-and-such a tactic being successfully accomplished or of such another platoon, company or battalion operation being cleverly carried out. These are merely the means to the end, the technical equipment or application of war, competent handling of which depends, in its turn, upon the human will and quality behind. And, save to the professional military mind, pure and simple, it is the human element that makes of war a thing moving, wonderful, repellent, beautiful and, as a study, fascinating. Nor can that artistic, that æsthetic importance be disregarded in the light of permanence, of the hereafter. Given the great writer—a Hardy, a Kipling, a Masfield—in conjunction with any one of these regimental histories—but one rather illumined by a high prestige and a tremendous past—and what a noble prose-poem or drama might result! At the same time this method may even have its disadvantages. The imaginative quality in relation to facts and events seems sometimes to impair the weight of historical value. And for reference or certainty when years have passed we turn back to the old dusty calf-bound volumes on the library shelf where, curtly set forth, is the name, the fact, or the date. We know where we are. There is, there can be, no dispute about it. Behind it are the battalion diaries, the regimental records, into which, too, luminous details, graphic sidelights, chiefly by way of battle-messages and operation orders, unexpectedly creep. And we, for our part, make no doubt that Sir Frederick Ponsonby has adopted the sounder method in his *Grenadier Guards in the Great War of 1914-1918*, the more so as he must have been bounden with regard to space by the vast mass of material at his disposal. Simple, straightforward, consecutive narrative as it is of the fortunes of the First or Grenadier Regiment from the outbreak of war and the departure of the 2nd Battalion on August 12th, 1914, to the triumphal march through London on March 22nd, 1919, three stout volumes are amply filled. As an old Grenadier, and therefore personally acquainted with a number of the chief actors in his history, Sir Frederick must often have been tempted to enlargement or to excursion. But he has not permitted himself these liberties. With a military sense of orderliness, of sequence, of proportion, he has throughout adhered to his chosen method—that of following the fortunes of each battalion in turn over a convenient period and, in so doing, alluding to the conspicuous work done by individuals, whether officers, non-commissioned officers or men, companies or platoons. The method might seem laborious, but Sir Frederick has contrived to avoid laboriousness and monotony. And in a maximum degree he has avoided repetition, which in a history of this kind, comprising four separate but parallel stories, the stories of four different battalions, is perhaps the chief problem. Unlike many regimental histories of the war, this one never becomes wearisome. At the worst it is intimate and particular: a book by a Grenadier for Grenadiers about Grenadiers, which might conceivably cause an ordinary reader to feel that he was outside the sacred circle. But it is, after all, primarily a Grenadier memorial and one which no officer can afford to be without—and no soldier can afford to buy! Works of this kind must be made accessible through the public libraries.

In the course of his narrative, Sir Frederick has been well advised to introduce from time to time a summary of contemporary world-wide happenings. The tendency of all regimental histories in dealing with a long campaign, as the tendency of all regimental officers in dealing with a modern battle, is to concentrate upon a compartment—or rather, perhaps it should be said, a corridor—of the whole vast sequence of events. It was never right, but it was easily possible during the war to forget that the work of every unit and of every army was vitally and inseparably a part of the great swaying whole—that Loos could hardly be dissociated from Gorlice-Tarnow or Lutsk from Verdun or the Somme from either. Or that there were campaigns afoot in East Africa and Mesopotamia. Sir Frederick has successfully avoided the "parochial" pitfall, save only in his very first sentence:

When the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated at Sarajevo in Serbia (but it is in Bosnia-Herzegovina, surely?) on June 28th, 1914, it never for a moment occurred to anyone in this country that the crime could in any way affect the destinies of the First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards.

One conceives it to be true that the bulk of the population of this country—and Grenadiers among them—did not think

of European events exclusively in these terms! The account of the earliest fighting and the retreat from Mons is a particularly admirable one. The 2nd Battalion first came under fire on August 23rd. There follows a carefully worded and exact account of the incidents of the same night, when the battalion with its flanks in the air was retired a short distance to a more secure position. The account is fair alike to the distinguished commanding officers concerned and to the higher command who afterwards had to assess the responsibility. It is essentially the function of an authoritative history to throw daylight on such incidents, inaccurate accounts of which naturally filtered through at the time. And here we come in contact with Mr. Emery Walker's admirable maps. Throughout the book these can be studied with a maximum of simplicity; the one, however, of the brilliant action of Landrecies is an especially notable example and will be of first-class assistance to those who contemplate visiting the scene of the conflict.

One is disposed at this time of day—a minor detail, perhaps—to become a little impatient with the apparently inevitable resurrection of the stock irony about the "contemptible little army." This "Kaiser-yarn" never was based upon any but the flimsiest evidence; Falkenhayn's and Ludendorff's, if not Hindenburg's, estimates disprove it as the considered view of German Headquarters or of the German Army in regard to our soldiers; and if it ever was uttered, is it a gibe sufficiently dignified to deserve reiteration? Sir Frederick, however, makes a true point in his account of the hot rearguard action at Villers Cotterêts, where the men of the 4th (Guards) Brigade became very much mixed, and officers took charge of any who happened to be near them. Such was the experience of every subsequent battle. Here the wood was so thick that at fifty yards' distance parties were out of sight of each other. "Fortunately," he writes, "in the Brigade of Guards the men are all trained on the same system, and, except for some small characteristic differences, a man belonging to one regiment will be quite at home in any of the others." And that is the secret of the Brigade of Guards, discipline and fighting, in a nutshell.

We pass on to the Battle of the Marne, the Passage of the Aisne and the heroic struggle of the First Battle of Ypres, but do not propose to follow these in detail. Company and platoon dispositions during these tremendous and subsequent battles are, of course, of profound interest to old Grenadiers; and all show, without elaboration of detail, the spirit of initiative prevalent among junior officers and of discipline among the men. Mere eulogy seems out of place concerning such events. The 1st Battalion had come out on October 4th, 1914, with the 7th Division, and we suggest—not without facilities for observation—that the story of the King's Company of this battalion might in itself prove of absorbing military and human interest, given some first-hand knowledge and a graphic pen. The 3rd Battalion, which was for so long the only regular battalion remaining in England, and the 4th Battalion, which was formed in July, 1915, did not embark for France until the project of forming a Guards Division had been definitely decided upon. This happened in August, 1915.

Except for much regimental detail, which, of course, is all-important to officers and men who took part in the operations, the story of the Grenadiers in the war is very much the story of the war itself—which is known to all of us. Of the major operations the only battles in which the regiment took no part were the Second Battle of Ypres, the (offensive) Battle of Arras, and the capture of the Messines Ridge. The mass of dates and place-names collected, however, conclusively disproves—even if other evidence did not—what was at one time bruited in the Army, namely, that the Guards Division was "favoured" and was "kept out of the line."

In confronting these three plainly but handsomely bound volumes, the first of which closes with the eve of the Battle of the Somme and the second with that of the great German offensive of March, 1918, one turns naturally in the first place to those episodes of the war which are and will for all time be associated with the First or Grenadier Regiment. November 17th, 1914, when the last German onslaught of the First Battle of Ypres took place, is one of these. October 31st is shared in glory by the whole of the British Army, but it was upon this day that Lord Cavan sent the message to the O.C., 2nd Battalion: "Splendid. Hang on like grim death. You may yet save the Army." And they did.

At the Somme the casualties were terrible and it was a matchless discipline that alone won all objectives. In the whole story of the war, however, nothing finer was seen than the advance of the 1st and 4th Grenadiers on Gouzeaucourt during the Battle of Cambrai, Nov. 30th-Dec. 1st, 1917, when the position of the Army once again became critical; while the story of Captain Pryce and his company near Vieux Beraquin in face of the German drive of March, 1918, is recorded with that fidelity to detail which leaves it outstanding as one of the very finest hinges of the war. Last, but not least, comes the crossing of the Canal du Nord, where every battalion distinguished itself, more especially the 1st Battalion under Lord Gort. And the dominant impression left on the mind after reading these three volumes is one of discipline—triumphant.